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TO

MY DEAR MOTHER,

THIS LITTLE BOOK

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PREFACE.

For the benefit of my young friends in America, who have not read about Vesuvius and the cities which once lay at its foot, I have written this little story of Mary and her Mother. While I write, the great volcano is before me, sending up a column of white smoke, which turns to a soft purple when the sun is going down. I trust my young readers will find as much pleasure in perusing this book, as I have found in writing it for them.

Naples, *March* 8, 1856.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Mary's Arrival at Naples, and her Walk along the Bay, ... 9

CHAPTER II.

Conversation with her Mother about Pompeii and Herculaneum, . 23

CHAPTER III.

Another Conversation, ... 38

CHAPTER IV.

The Drive to Pompeii, ... 53

CHAPTER V.

Mary and her Mother walk through Pompeii, ... 66

CHAPTER VI.

The Ride to the foot of the Cone of Vesuvius, ... 92

CHAPTER VII.

Ascent of the Cone, ... 105

CHAPTER VIII.

PAGE
Visit to the Bourbon Museum, ... 121

CHAPTER IX.

The Museum continued, ... 136

CHAPTER X.

The Museum still continued, ... 153

CHAPTER XI.

Visit to Herculaneum, Drive to Sorrento, and Sail to Capri, . . 168

CHAPTER XII.

Visit to the Grotta Azzurra, or Blue Grotto, and Conclusion, . 188

MARY BROWN

AT

NAPLES, POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

CHAPTER I.

It was on a bright day in February, 1856, that Mary Brown and her mother arrived at the gay city of Naples, and took rooms in the Albergo di Genevra. This hotel amused Mary very much, because the outside was painted a pale pink; but she soon saw that it was the fashion in Naples to paint the houses pink and yellow, as well as white. After a few days she would hardly have thought of noticing it, had it not been that her attention was again called to it by some things about which I shall tell you.

Naples, as all my young friends know, is in Italy. They know, also, that Italy is shaped something like

a boot, and that Naples lies on the front of the boot, just above the ankle. They have, perhaps, heard that this noted city is situated on the shore of one of the most beautiful bays in the world. Hills rise all around the Bay, and between them and the shore are several towns, made up of white houses. Off at one side is Mount Vesuvius, which everybody knows, is a famous volcano.

Mary Brown had often heard her mother talk of the Bay of Naples, and of her great desire to see it. She was not much surprised, therefore, when her mother said, "Mary, my dear, put on your bonnet and we will take a walk and see the Bay before dinner.

Mary was ready in a minute. They went down the great stairway of the hotel, and out into the street. They stopped to admire a fountain. It was of bronze, and represented a man standing on a large, flat basin, which was supported by several bronze figures of women. The man held in his hand a trident, from the prongs of which the water spouted up above his head, and then fell into a great basin far below. Mrs. Brown told her daughter that the bronze man was Neptune, the god of the sea, who

always carried a trident for a sceptre. Mary well remembered that she had seen a picture of Neptune in a little book she had left in America, which told about the ancient gods of Greece and Rome.

"The figures that hold up the basin are Nereids, Mary," said Mrs. Brown.

"What are Nereids, mamma?"

"Nereids were beautiful, fabulous maidens who lived in the Mediterranean. They dwelt at the bottom of the sea, and were kind to sailors."

"And what are those little men in the basin below? They are riding on some queer-looking animals," said Mary.

"They are probably Tritons," replied her mother.

"But, mamma, I do not know what Tritons are."

"They, too, were inhabitants of the sea," said Mrs. Brown. "They accompanied Neptune, the great sea-god. They used shells for trumpets, and when they blew on those shells the sea became quiet."

Mary stood for some minutes, looking at this pretty fountain. At last she said: "If those men were really alive, mamma, I am sure they would not like to stand so long in such a shower."

"Oh, my dear," said Mrs. Brown, "you must make believe, as children say, that they really are sea-gods, and *then*, you know, nothing could please them so much as to be in the water."

Mary laughed, and they passed on. In a few minutes they came to an iron railing, in front of a beautiful garden. Before the gate a soldier was slowly walking up and down; and on the great stone piers, on each side of the gate, was a horse, with a slave holding him. The horses and the slaves were of bronze. In the garden were palm trees and pine trees. The Italian pine is not like ours. The trunk is very tall, and the branches spread out at the top, like a great umbrella. Behind the trees of the garden Mary saw a long pink house, with many windows. Her mother told her it was the palace of Ferdinand II., King of Naples. Mary wished that she could see the king, for she had never seen a king or a queen, although she had read about them in her story books, and had studied about them at school. So she was delighted when her mother said that, perhaps, some day she would see him ride past in his coach.

The street they went through had a great many

jewellers' shops on one side of it, and Mary stopped to look in at the windows. She saw there many beautiful breast-pins, made of coral, cut into bunches of flowers. She saw, also, a great many strings of red coral beads, such as she wore on her neck. She saw, besides, some breast-pins of grey, blue, white, and red lava.

"There, mamma," she exclaimed, "are the lava pins you told me I should see at Naples, are they not? How many there are! Are they really made out of the lava that comes from Mount Vesuvius? And when shall we see Mount Vesuvius, mamma?"

Mrs. Brown smiled at her daughter's questions, for she saw that the child was eager to see the famous volcano, about which she had heard her father talk in the long winter evenings at home.

"Perhaps we shall see Vesuvius to-day, my child," she said, "and we must not stop here to look at these pretty things, or we shall lose the sunset on the Bay."

Mary and her mother entered a beautiful narrow park, which lay along the beach. Its walks were bordered with fine trees and bushes. The laurustinus was just putting out its fragrant white flowers,

roses were as red and sweet as in summer at home, and the light foliage of the pepper tree was gently moving in the almost quiet air.

Crossing the park, Mrs. Brown and Mary reached the shore of the Bay, and stood for a while silent, delighted with the beautiful view.

"Oh, mamma," said Mary, at last, "is it not beautiful! The Bay is shaped like a horse-shoe, and what a lovely pale blue that distant mountain is, which lies in front of us. It shuts up the Bay, does it not?"

"From here, it does appear partially to shut up the Bay, my love," replied Mrs. Brown. "It is an island, the island of Capri; and there is something there you would greatly like to see."

"What is it, mamma?"

"It is a cave, which people call the Grotta Azzurra, or the Blue Grotto, because its walls and roof are of a beautiful blue. The cave overhangs the sea, so that it has no pavement but the water."

"Can you go into it, mamma?"

"Yes, in a boat; but the entrance is close down at the water's edge, and you have to lie down in the boat, to pass under the rocks"

"And can you not stand up, at all?" asked Mary, eagerly.

"When you have once passed through the entrance, you can," replied her mother; "the walls are quite high within."

"And can we go there?"

"I hope so, if we have good weather. When the sea is rough, the grotto cannot be entered. The waves dash up too high over the hole through which you go in."

"I think I should be afraid," said Mary.

"There is no danger in a quiet sea, my dear," replied Mrs. Brown.

"But what makes the grotto blue?" asked Mary.

"The water is shallow in the cave, and very clear. The bottom is covered with white sand. People think the blue color of the Bay is reflected through the narrow doorway, up on the roof. Do you understand, my dear?"

"I think I do," replied Mary; "but are not the rocks blue?"

"No, my child, they are brown, like other rocks."

"Oh, how much I should like to go!" exclaimed

Mary, "how much I should like to go and see this cave. I wish we could go to-morrow."

"There are many other things to see, my child, which will, perhaps, interest you as much as the Blue Grotto," said Mrs. Brown. "But how do you like the Bay?"

"Oh, so much, mamma! What is that castle that stands so like a picture in the water?"

"It is the Castello dell' Ovo, or Castle of the Egg, and has stood there seven hundred years. It is built on a great rock; and around on the other side of the point, off to our right, is the little town of Pozzuoli. It was formerly called Puteoli, and is the place where Paul landed, on his way to Rome. Towards the end of the Bay, on our left, is Sorrento, another town, and a beautiful place in summer."

"And what, mamma," asked Mary, "are those two mountains, or great hills, on our left? They look like two peaks of one mountain, only the mountain is not very large."

"The one towards Sorrento, my child," said Mrs. Brown, "has a little cloud over it, as you see. What do you think it is?"

"Why, mamma, I do not know. It is not, it cannot be—Mount Vesuvius!" And Mary's face began to light up.

"And why not?" asked her mother.

"It is not big enough. *Is* it, mamma, *is* it Vesuvius?"

"Yes, my child, it is Vesuvius."

"Oh, I am so sorry!"

"Why, Mary?"

"I thought Vesuvius was the largest mountain in the world, and I have seen a great many larger. Is it really Vesuvius?"

"It is really Vesuvius, my child; it is almost at rest now. When there is an eruption, it is terrific enough, although it is not so huge a mountain as you thought. Look at the mountain, Mary, and imagine streams of red hot lava rolling like rivers down its side. Then imagine, besides, a great cloud hanging over the top of the mountain, its under surface all red with the glow from the hot lava beneath. Then, think of showers of stones flying up out of the volcano, and loud reports, like great cannons. Think, too, of the earth trembling every now and then, as if some great power shook

it. Do you not think Vesuvius would seem grand then?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma. I am quite afraid of the mountain. But I am so surprised—I should not have thought it was a volcano, at all. I thought that smoke was just a little cloud stopping on the top, a moment; I did not think it belonged there. Why, it looks like a little smoke from a chimney."

"When we ascend Vesuvius, my love—as I hope we shall do—you will, perhaps, find enough to surprise you."

"Shall we really go up the mountain, mamma? Oh, I am so glad!" And Mary clapped her hands, and danced along the beach.

"Come," said Mrs. Brown, "we will walk along and look at this wonderful mountain while the sun is setting. See, the west is beginning to grow brilliant, and the rays are shooting across the Bay to Vesuvius."

"And see, mamma, how white the string of houses looks, that lies along the water at the foot of the mountain. They look like toy houses, do they not? and yet, I suppose, they are large enough for people to live in."

"Some of them are very large, my dear. That line of houses extends almost from Naples to Sorrento. It forms several small towns, one of which I will point out to you. Just beyond Naples, lies Portici. Do you see where I point?"

"Yes, mamma."

"Next beyond it, lies Resina, another little town, and the most interesting of all, because it is built right over a buried city."

"Is that the city you told me about, when we were on our way to Naples?"

"No, Mary, that was Pompeii.* The city under Resina is Herculaneum."

"And was it buried at the same time that Pompeii was?"

"Yes, my dear, by the same eruption."

"I do not quite understand about it, mamma; will you not tell me again?"

"Certainly, my dear, when I have time, I will tell you about it."

"Where is Pompeii, mamma?"

"Beyond Resina lies the village called Torre del

* Pronounced Pom-pay-ye.

Greco, and beyond that the one called Torre dell' Annunziata. Behind Torre dell' Annunziata, and out of sight from where we stand, is Pompeii.

"And why cannot we go to see it, mamma?"

"We can, my child, some day."

"Oh, I could walk there for the sake of seeing it. How long does it take to go there from Naples?"

"About three hours in a carriage, and the Neapolitans drive very rapidly. But see the houses now. What color are they, Mary?"

"Why, they are a real rose color. I never saw anything so beautiful. And see, mamma, Vesuvius is a lovely violet color, and the little cloud above is rosy and purple. Oh, how fine it is! And see the water, mamma; what a beautiful deep blue. And Capri looks just like fairy land; I do believe it *is* fairy land."

"Then you can visit fairy land, Mary," replied Mrs. Brown, smiling; "for it is not difficult to go to Capri."

"Well, mamma," said Mary, laughing, "that pleases me; for I have always wanted to go to fairy land. All the stories about it are so beautiful

But I do not think it can be more delightful than Capri looks from here, do you?"

"No, my dear. When I was of your age, I used to think a good deal about fairy land, and since then I have seen many places which at a distance looked as if they might be part of it. Capri is, indeed, such a place."

"And we shall go there, mamma? Oh, how glad I am!" And Mary again danced along the beach.

"Now, my dear," said her mother, "the sky has faded. Let us pick up a few shells and a little sea-weed, and go home. The shells you can keep as a memento of the Mediterranean."

"Yes, mamma, and the sea-weed too. You know cousin Elizabeth brought some from the sea-side, all put on paper and pressed. It was beautiful, just like flowers. I can make some pictures like hers with mine;" and so eagerly did Mary search for bits of the weed, that before her mother could warn her of its approach, a wave came up and swept over her feet, wetting them very thoroughly. She screamed, but in a moment the wave had left the sand, and she saw she was safe. She had, however,

dropped her shawl in her surprise, and she thought it was carried away, when she saw her mother, who had sprung forward to catch it, hold it up in her hand.

"You had a narrow escape, my dear child," she said, kissing her; "but there are many persons older than you who forget how treacherous the waves are. I have seen many people go home with wet feet from the beach. Now," she continued, taking her hand, "we will hasten to the hotel, that you may bathe and rub your feet, put on dry shoes and stockings, and be ready for dinner."

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, Mary awoke late, for her journey and ramble had fatigued her. Her first thought was where she should go that day, for there were so many places to visit that she knew her mother would go somewhere every pleasant day.

Mrs. Brown was sitting by the table reading, when her daughter awoke. "Good morning, mamma," cried Mary, "or, as the Italians say, '*Buon giorno.*' Where shall we go to-day, mamma?"

"Nowhere, I think, my dear; it rains."

"Rains? Oh, I am so sorry!"

Mrs. Brown smiled, and said, "My dear Mary, we can pass the day pleasantly together in this room."

"Oh, I know we can, but I was hoping to go up Vesuvius, or to go to Pompeii, or Herculaneum, or Capri to-day, and I am so impatient to see everything."

"If you see these wonderful places too soon, Mary, you will not understand much about them. I am glad it rains to-day, for we will sit here together, and I will tell you something about them, and you can ask me any questions you please. You can look out on the map all the places we talk about, and the day will be pleasantly and usefully spent."

"Thank you, dear mamma; I know it will be pleasant. I always love to have you tell me about things better than to read about them."

"But by and by, Mary, you must read about these things. There are several fine works about them, which you will enjoy when you are older."

"I ought not to have come here until I had read them, ought I, mamma?"

"Perhaps you will come again after you have read them; and, in any case, what you see now will help you to understand them."

After breakfast, Mary sat down to hem a handkerchief, and Mrs. Brown took her portfolio and pencils and seated herself by the window, to make a sketch of one of the opposite houses. She sharpened one of her pencils and began the sketch, and as she drew the first lines, she said:

A VIEW AMONG THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

"Mount Vesuvius, Mary, did not always look as it now does. Once on a time there stood on the southeastern coast of the Bay of Naples a great mountain, called Mons Summanus. On its top was a temple dedicated to Jupiter Tonans."

"I have heard about Jupiter, mamma; he was the chief of all the gods, and carried a thunderbolt, and had an eagle beside his throne. But who was Jupiter Tonans?"

"Jupiter Tonans was another name for Jupiter. It means Jupiter the Thunderer, and was given him because he was supposed to make the thunder."

"Well, mamma, Jupiter the Thunderer, then, had a temple on the top of Mons Summanus."

"Yes, my dear, but that temple fell into ruins long, long ago, and no trace remains. The mountain was also called Vesuvius, and at its foot sprang up cities, where people lived and cultivated the soil and built themselves beautiful houses. The country around the mountain was very fertile, and was called Campania Felix, or the Happy Country, because it yielded so many fine fruits and such good grain, and all without much labor.

"Do not people call part of Arabia, Arabia Felix, for the same reason?"

"Yes, Mary. Would you like to know the names of some of the cities of which I am speaking?"

"Indeed, I should; but I think I know one or two of them already—Pompeii and Herculaneum?"

"Yes, my love. Another one was named Stabiæ; it stood where Castel-a-mare now stands. You can look out Castel-a-mare on your map."

"Here it is, mamma."

"Pompeii you will find farther to the north, near Torre dell' Annunziata."

"I have found it."

"Herculaneum, which lies under Resina, is about half way between Pompeii and Naples. Do you see them all?"

"Yes, mamma; this is a nice little map. I shall try to learn it by heart, while we are at Naples. I am studying Geography, am I not?" and Mary laughed.

"You are studying Geography in a very good way, my dear, and I hope you will remember all you learn. These cities—Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ—were full of streets and houses. The streets

were paved, and there were fountains in them where the people could get water. You know, now-a-days, here at Naples, the people get water from the fountains. On the walls of the houses there were beautiful pictures. I do not mean, my child, that pictures were framed and hung on the walls, but that the walls themselves were covered with bright colors, and with landscapes and figures of men, women, animals and flowers. Even the columns in the courts of the houses were painted in brilliant colors. In these cities there were theatres, ornamented with marble and paintings; and there were beautiful temples dedicated to the gods. All was life and merriment in those cities, for the people were fond of gaiety, just as many people now are."

"And did they ever go up on the mountain, mamma?"

"Oh, yes; but the mountain was not easy to ascend. There was only one road up The top of the mountain was very singular; it looked as if a great basin had been sunk in the top, and this basin was full of green vines, that grew luxuriantly in that sheltered spot. Once on a time, a little army encamped in this hollow, as you will read, one of these

days, when you study more of the history of the Romans."

"Did the people climb over into this basin, mamma?"

"There was a kind of ravine or crack in the side, through which they went in; but the little army of which I spoke to you, got out by making long ladders of the vines, on which they climbed to the top."

"Why did they not go out through the ravine?"

"Because their enemies, the Romans, had placed themselves in front of it."

"And did the Romans know that the little army could get out?"

"No; they were very much surprised when the little army, under its general, Spartacus, came round, and attacked them."

"That was very strange, mamma."

"I think it was, my dear. Pompeii and Herculaneum, as you see on your map, lay quite near the foot of this singular mountain. The ground they stood on was not like ordinary ground—it was lava. You know what lava is, Mary?"

"Yes, mamma; it is rock that came red-hot out

of a volcano. And I have seen some here in Naples, have I not? When I read about lava in my Geography, I did not think I should see any so soon."

"You saw lava in America, my dear. Cousin Elizabeth's bracelet was of lava, you know."

"Yes, mamma; but it did not seem so like real lava as the bracelets and pins here do. I think it is because we are where we can see Vesuvius. But how does lava look, before they carve it?"

"The kind they carve is a solid, hard stone; but there are several forms of lava, as you will see when we go up Vesuvius. As I was saying, Pompeii and Herculaneum were built on ground that was made up of lava. It is supposed that this lava flowed down, ages ago, in great streams, from the mountain. There is no record of any eruption from Mons Summanus or Vesuvius, before the great one that destroyed the cities."

"How do people know, then, that the mountain was a volcano so long, long ago? I don't see how they can tell, if they never saw it on fire."

"They know it was always a volcano by its peculiar shape, and by the sort of rock of which it is composed, as well as by the kind of rock of which

the country around is made. The basin full of vines, I spoke about, was the old crater, which had stopped sending out fire."

"But I don't see how vines could grow in it, mamma?"

"They probably did not, my dear, until a great deal of time had elapsed after the mountain had sent out fire and lava. The holes through which the lava came out, gradually filled up; and, finally, after a great many years, moss grew over the stony basin, and made a sort of soil. Then, seeds were carried up there by the winds, and sprang up and made the whole basin beautifully green."

"Oh, how I should like to see such a basin, mamma! Can you see it now?"

"It has greatly altered, my dear, but a little of it can be seen yet. What there is left of its edge is called Monte Somma, but it is not green now. Only bare rocks and a little moss are to be seen. You have studied, in your History, about the Roman Emperors. Can you tell me in whose reign Christ was born?"

"In the reign of Augustus, mamma, and Augustus came next after Julius Cæsar."

"Well, Mary, sixty-three years after the birth of Christ, a great earthquake took place in the country at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and threw down a great part of Pompeii and Herculaneum. The inhabitants of Pompeii were so much alarmed, that they deserted the city. After a time, they took courage to return to it, and they attempted to repair the injuries done by the earthquake. During the next sixteen years, earthquakes were not unfrequent; one of them reached as far as Naples, and threw down a theatre there."

"Why, mamma, was Naples here so long ago? I can hardly believe it."

"Naples is a very ancient city, my dear. Most of the Italian towns are exceedingly old. But to come back to my story: Sixteen years after the first earthquake, the first eruption that we know anything about took place from Vesuvius. In what year would that be, Mary?"

"The earthquake began in the year 63—it would be the year 79, mamma."

"Seventy-nine years after Christ, in the reign of the Emperor Titus, Pompeii and Herculaneum still stood, although the earthquakes had greatly dam-

aged them. The people were rebuilding some temples which had been injured, and they probably did not dream of any further danger to their city. In August of that year, there were several earthquakes, but the inhabitants were somewhat accustomed to them, and did not think the mountain had anything to do with them. One day, towards the middle of the month, a cloud of vapor rose from the mountain. It was in shape like an Italian pine tree, which is not at all like our pine tree, but spreads out at the top like an umbrella, as we saw yesterday. This cloud was bright in some parts, and dark in others; for part of it was flame, and part cinders and ashes."

"Oh, mamma, it must have been terrible! How frightened the people who lived about the mountain must have been!"

"Stones and rocks fell upon the earth from this mass of cloud; these stones were hot, and fell so thickly and fast that it was a shower of rocks."

"It was like a great hail-storm, mamma."

"Far worse, my child. The stones broke in the roofs of the houses, and shattered the statues and marble ornaments. The land shook, and the houses

tottered. Lightnings of various colors flashed from the cloud. The inhabitants did not know where to go to escape the danger. They did not dare to stay in their houses, and in the open air it was worse yet. The shore was altered by the swelling of the land, and the sea fell back from it, so that the beach was broader than it was before. Many great fishes were left upon the shore by the water when it rolled away."

"Why, mother, I should suppose the people would have thought the last day had come."

"They did, my dear. There were but few Christians then. The people of Italy, for the most part, still worshipped the gods about whom you have read. They prayed to these gods, and exclaimed that the last hour was come; that the earth was to be burnt up; and that they and their gods, and the earth, would all be destroyed together. The cloud from Vesuvius came down and covered the land and the sea, and made it dark at mid-day. The mountain kept showering down stones and fire, and finally, great showers of ashes fell. They looked like thick flakes of snow, and lay white on the ground, in some places. Hot water, too, fell from the

mountain, and this water mixed with the ashes in the air, and came down in great splashes of thick mud."

"That must have been dreadful, mamma."

"Yes, my child, with this mud Pompeii and Herculaneum, these great cities, were deluged. Stones, and ashes, and cinders also fell upon them in thick showers. Stones fell at a great distance in the country around, and people who went into the fields put pillows on their heads to protect them.

"How long did it continue dark, mamma?"

"More than two days, my child; and these showers were falling all the time."

"Was it as dark as night?"

"Darker than it is at night out of doors. The author who describes it, and who was all that time in the neighborhood, says it was a darkness like that of a room when all the light is excluded. You know, if you shut all the light out of a room, it is darker than it is out of doors at night. When you go into a dark room you have to feel your way, you cannot see anything; but out of doors at midnight you can see something."

"What did the people do, mamma? I don't see how they could find their way at all."

"That was the great difficulty, Mary. They, of course, had to move slowly. They tried to carry torches, but the sudden gusts of wind blew them out. The earth, too, was trembling and rocking under them, and even, several miles away, it was so unsteady that the carriages the people had brought out, and prepared for their flight, rocked so that they could hardly get into them. The darkness kept people from seeing each other, and shrieks and cries were heard on every side. Parents were calling for their children, husbands for their wives, for if they once got separated, there was little hope that they would find each other again."

"How awful it must have been, mammá."

"Awful, indeed, my child; we cannot imagine how terrible it was."

"How did it end, mamma?"

"On the third day, the cloud gradually scattered and faded away; and there lay Pompeii and Herculaneum, all in ruins and buried beneath the stones and mud, and ashes. The streets had gradually become filled with these substances; the houses were blocked up; even the rooms were partly full of fine dust and ashes, and the cities were really under the

surface of the ground; they were entirely buried."

"Were they really all buried up, dear mamma? But the people were not buried too?"

"Many of them were, my dear."

"Were they buried alive, mamma?"

"Some were probably buried alive; others were killed by blows from heavy stones, or from the roofs and columns that fell down; but most were probably suffocated by the poisonous vapors that came from the volcano, and then they were buried by the ashes and stones that fell into the streets. The fine ashes, too, sifted through the doors and crevices into the houses, and buried those that had died in the rooms."

"How strange it was, and how terrible! Were any of the people ever found, mamma?"

"It was by finding their skeletons, my daughter, that people ever knew anything about them. The city was dug out about seventeen hundred years after it was buried."

"And were the bodies there then, mamma? Seventeen hundred years is a very great while!"

"It is a great while, my love. The bodies had

gone to decay, but the skeletons were found. They were in many different positions ; some were sitting; some standing ; some seemed to have been knocked down by a heavy blow. One skeleton was discovered with a great marble column lying across it, and, without doubt, the column fell on the man while he was alive. But about these things I will tell you more another time, for now you have hemmed your handkerchief, and I have finished my drawing. The rain, too, has ceased, and although the sun does not shine, we will go out and take a walk."

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Brown and Mary came in late from their walk, and while they were dressing for dinner, Mary said, "Please, mamma, tell me more about the buried cities."

"With pleasure, my dear," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Well, mamma, how did Vesuvius look after the great eruption?"

"One side of the basin I told you about, was broken off, and the old crater was left like a plain; and in the middle of it stood a great cone, which was not there before. This cone was made up of stones and ashes, and was Mount Vesuvius as you now see it, only the cone has been growing lower and lower ever since."

"A cone is the shape of a sugar loaf, is it not, mamma?"

"Yes, and Vesuvius has, you see, something of that shape, only it is not so steep."

"How strange it must have looked to see a new peak on the top of the mountain."

"No doubt it did seem strange. It was a great and terrible monument of the change the country had undergone."

"And, mamma, what did the people at Rome, and Naples, and all over Italy, think of this eruption?"

"That we do not know, my love; few books were written in those days, and none were printed, you know. Of those that were written, few have come down to us. Almost all we know about this eruption we learn from the letters of one man, named Pliny. The barbarians from Germany overran all Italy, as you have read at school, and they destroyed almost all records of those days."

"But everybody knew about the cities, mamma; everybody knew they were under the ground?"

"It is supposed that the people gradually forgot where they were. It is true, that after the eruption was over, and the deposits from the mountain had cooled, the common people came and built huts above the ruins. Their descendants lived here for

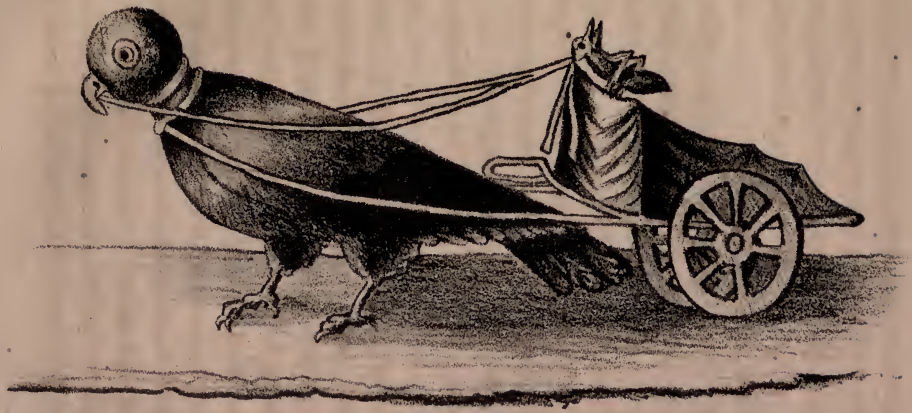
about four hundred years, and then another eruption drove them away, and they never dared occupy the place again. Then the barbarians came into Italy, and the Italians lost trace of these cities, as they did of many other things."

"But, mamma, did not the people, when they came and built above the old houses, try to dig down and see if anything could be got out of the ruins?"

"It is thought that they did, for some houses, when opened in modern times, bear traces of having been excavated before, long, long ago."

"How long were those cities unknown, mamma?"

"In the little town of Resina, which you saw on your map, more than sixteen hundred years after the great eruption, a man began to dig a well. As he descended, he found in the earth pieces of marble, which seemed to have belonged to some beautiful pavement. A prince, who was building a palace not far off, hearing what the man had found, bought the well, and set men to work to dig farther. They dug into the earth at the side of the well, near the bottom, and found that they came against walls.



They kept on excavating, and found that they were penetrating into a buried city. Marble and bronze statues were found, and beautiful pieces of carving, and these were brought up out of the well, and put into the house of the Prince, or sent away to other countries. After awhile they gave up digging; but, thirty years later, Charles III., King of Naples, had a great many things dug up to put in his palace at Portici."

"And was Pompeii discovered by accident, too, mamma!"

"Pompeii, also, was discovered by means of a well. Some small remnants of houses still projected above the ground, and one man had suggested that they might belong to the city of Pompeii, which had been so long lost. No one, however, had thought of examining the ground, and if the well had not been dug, no one can tell how much longer the city would have remained unexplored."

"Was it found after Herculaneum?"

"Yes, my child, and for a number of years many men were at work digging there. Then there was a war; for Napoleon Bonaparte took Naples, and made his general, Murat, king. Murat was greatly

interested in Pompeii, and had the great amphitheatre, at one end of the town, uncovered. You know what an amphitheatre was, Mary?"

"Yes, mamma, you told me about it. It was a great oval building, without a roof. All round the inside were rows of seats, which slanted from the top to the bottom, so that those who sat high up could see over the heads of those who sat low down. And there were stairs leading up to the rows of seats. The floor in the middle of the house was covered with sand. The amphitheatre was a great theatre, only built differently from theatres now-a-days."

"You are right, my dear. The Romans, and all the people of Italy, were very fond of the amusements of the amphitheatre. You know that lions, and tigers, and elephants, and other animals were brought from a great distance, and made to tear each other to pieces, for the diversion of the spectators."

"And, mamma, sometimes men were made to fight with each other, instead of wild beasts."

"They fought with each other and with wild beasts, too, my love. Men who fought were called gladiators."

"And the people of Pompeii liked to look at such things, mamma? Why, I think it was a great deal worse than the bull-fights in Spain. I have seen pictures of the bull-fights."

"The shows in the amphitheatre were more cruel. The loss of life was far greater. Sometimes hundreds of animals were killed at once. It seems strange to us that it can be any amusement to people to see animals kill each other."

"I am sure, mamma, it is bad enough to know that they must be killed for us to eat."

"Yes, Mary. As I was saying, the French uncovered the amphitheatre at Pompeii, and we can see it when we visit the city."

"How strange it will seem, to sit on the seats the people of Pompeii sat on so many, many years ago!"

"Indeed it will, Mary; and to walk along the streets where the Pompeians used to walk, and to see the houses where they lived, and the shops where they bought bread, and wine, and oil. It is now more than a hundred years since people began to uncover the city. It was, of course, a difficult task. Just think, if New York were all buried, how difficult it would be, and how much time it would

take to dig the earth out of the streets and houses. Pompeii was a small town, compared with New York, and the houses were not so high as New York houses, yet it took a great many men, and a great deal of patience to do what has been done; and even now, only one fourth of the city has been uncovered."

"And did they find houses just like ours, mamma, and were there things in them?"

"One question at a time, my child. The houses in those days were not built like ours. There was one great square room or hall, and from this room branched off the bedrooms and dining-room and all the principal rooms of the house. This great square room was called the *atrium*. In the middle of its roof was a large hole."

"Uncovered, mamma?"

"Yes, open to the sky."

"I should think the rain would have fallen in."

"So it did, my dear. In the middle of the room was a square or oblong basin, paved with marble. This basin was sunk into the floor, and from a small hole in the bottom, a pipe led down, through the ground, into a cistern. The rain fell through the

hole in the roof into this basin, and was carried away by the pipe."

"What was the use of the cistern, mamma?"

"It had the same use that any cistern has, my child. Its top was enclosed by a round curb cut out of a single piece of marble. This curb stood in the *atrium* at one end of the basin that caught the water. The basin was called the *impluvium*."

"*Impluvium*, mamma? I don't know that I can remember that word. It is so long."

"It is no longer than many words which you remember easily. Say it over several times, and spell it once or twice, and you will not forget it. It comes from two Latin words—*in*, which means *into*, and *pluvium*, which means *rain*. So it means *a place for the rain to fall into*."

"I will say it now, mamma: *impluvium, impluvium, impluvium*."

"And can you tell me the name of the room in which the *impluvium* was?"

"*At*——. I forget it."

"*Atrium*, my dear."

"*Atrium, atrium*. Now I shall remember it, mamma."

"The bedrooms which branched off from the *atrium* were generally small. The walls of the *atrium*, and of the rooms which branched from it, were covered with plaster or stucco, and this was painted red, or yellow, or some other brilliant color."

"How pretty they must have been, mamma!"

"Little columns were sometimes painted on the walls, and then the red and yellow were sometimes put on, as if they were curtains or pieces of cloth hanging by two corners from these columns. In the middle of these painted curtains was usually a picture of a cupid, or a dancing girl, or a landscape, or a picture taken from some story about the gods, or the heroes of old times. These pictures are very graceful, and are almost the only paintings we have that were made at that time."

"How I should like to see them. Can we see them still, mamma?"

"Some of the houses are left as they were found, Mary; and we shall see the pictures on them when we go to Pompeii; but the walls of a great many of the houses were carefully taken down and brought to Naples."

"Where are they, mamma?"

"In the great museum, my child. It is called the Museo Borbonico, or Bourbon Museum."

"And shall we go there, mamma?"

"I hope so; for besides the pictures, there are a great many statues, and other interesting things there from the buried cities. The walls and ceilings of the houses at Pompeii were richly ornamented, as I have said. Some of the houses were two stories high, others but one. The upper part of many of them was destroyed by the hot stones and ashes that fell upon them. The pavement of the houses was of mosaic; you know what that is, Mary?"

"Oh, yes, mamma; different colored stones and little pieces of marble laid together in patterns, sometimes making birds and animals, sometimes men and women and many pretty things. I wish we had such pavements at home, mamma."

"Labor costs too much, my child. When these beautiful things were made, workmen earned but little. The rich spent vast sums of money on their houses, and they employed a great many people at low prices. But we must not forget that we are

talking about Pompeii. How do you think the dining-rooms were arranged?"

"Why, like ours, mamma, were they not?"

"No, my dear. All round the room were broad benches, and in front of them was a table which also extended round the room. On the broad benches were placed cushions, and the people lay down on them to take their meals."

"How queer, mamma."

"In the middle of the room the servants stood, to wait upon the table."

"I am sure, mamma, it was a very lazy way of taking their meals, was it not?"

"The libraries were also singular. There were no books like ours. The art of printing was not known. Everything was written with a pen made of a reed. They had no paper, but used, instead, sheets of papyrus. These sheets were fastened together so as to make a very long piece, and this was rolled up, after it had been written on, and was put into a box."

"And they had to unroll them, when they read them, mamma."

"Certainly, Mary. A large library of such books

or scrolls, was found at Herculaneum; but nothing of the kind has yet been discovered at Pompeii."

"Could those that were found at Herculaneum be read, mamma? I should think they would have been spoiled."

"They were very much injured by the fire, Mary; they were like rolls of burnt paper."

"Why then, they must have fallen all in pieces, mamma."

"They had to be handled with great care to prevent their crumbling away, and it was a long time before any one found out how to unroll them without breaking them into powder."

"How did they do it at last, mamma?"

"They took long strips of a very thin but strong substance, called 'goldbeater's skin.' This skin was covered with a kind of glue, and then the scroll was laid upon it. The scroll was then slowly unrolled, and it stuck to the skin."

"And could people read what was on the scrolls, mamma?"

"Yes, by perseverance they could. We shall see the scrolls in the museum."

"How nice it is, mamma, to have all these things kept for us to see. I shall be so delighted to look at them"

"Many skeletons were found in Pompeii, Mary. In one building, which had been the barracks of soldiers, sixty-three skeletons were found. Most of them were men, but there were some women too, and the bones of one little baby were discovered. It is supposed, therefore, that some of the officers had their wives and children with them. Pieces of rich dresses, and golden ornaments were found in the upper rooms of the barracks, as well as weapons which had belonged to the officers."

"But, mamma, what made so many soldiers stay? Why did they not run away?"

"The discipline of the Italian soldiers was very severe in those days. They were taught to stay at their post until the last moment, and not to be afraid of anything, not even of death. This is thought to account for so many skeletons being found together in these barracks."

"It was too bad, mamma. They might as well have saved themselves, for they could not defend the city against the eruption."

"In some of the dwelling-houses, too, skeletons were found, and in the streets also, and in the gardens and temples. In one very large and handsome house, on the street of Tombs, eighteen skeletons were found, crowded together in a long arched vault or cellar under the house. It is supposed that they were ladies who hid themselves there to escape the stones and ashes that were falling all round."

"But they were killed all the same, mamma."

"Yes, my love. They were either suffocated by the vapor and gases from Vesuvius, or else by the fine powder which sifted in through the windows; for this vault was found full of fine dust, which had hardened. Great jugs for wine were discovered in this vault, and they, too, were full of ashes. These ashes gathered all around the unhappy people who hid in this cellar, and buried them.

"Were they found by the people who were digging, mamma?"

"Yes, and the earth which had buried them up, had hardened in just the shape of the bodies. It formed moulds around the trinkets the ladies wore,

and some of these moulds are still kept in the museum."

"But where were the men of the house, mamma? Did they get away, do you suppose?"

"One of them was found near a gate which opened from the garden into a street. The key of the gate was beside him. Near him was another skeleton, probably that of a servant, which had in its bony hand a bag containing golden coins and some valuable vases."

"They were trying to get away, were they not?"

"No doubt, my dear. The house near which they were found is called the Villa Diomedes."

"Was the man named Diomedes, mamma?"

"No one knows, my dear. He is called Diomedes, because a tomb near this villa has that name upon it. Many of the houses and streets in Pompeii have received their names from something found in them, or near them; but we do not know what the Pompeians called them. There, Mary, is the dinner-bell! Are you ready?"

"Oh yes, quite ready, but I am sorry dinner has come so soon. I want to hear more."

"Another time, Mary."

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning, Mary looked with delight at the clear sky and at the bright beams of the sun on the opposite houses.

"Now, mamma," she exclaimed, "we have a beautiful day."

"We have a beautiful morning, Mary. Have you never heard the song:

'Many a bright and sunshiny morning
Turns to a dark and dismal day'?"

"But surely, dear mamma, such a morning as this can never turn into a rainy day. And in Italy they have such clear skies and such fine weather."

"Even in Italy, at this season of the year, the skies are changeable, Mary. However, we will trust them this time and go to Pompeii, for I know my daughter is very anxious to see the strange city."

"Oh, thank you, mamma," cried Mary, "I am so happy!"

No sooner was breakfast over, than Mrs. Brown and her daughter started on their expedition. In front of the hotel they engaged one of the little one-horse wagons, so common in Naples, and drove rapidly out of the city. They passed along the quay, or wharf, which affords a fine view of the blue Bay of Naples and the distant island of Capri. Mary was greatly interested by what she saw in the streets. Everybody seemed to be out of doors. Wagon-makers, cobblers, tinkers, cooks, and almost all kinds of trades-people were doing their work outside of their shops. In one place, women were frying hasty-pudding, which men stopped to buy and eat for breakfast, as they went to their work. Not far off, a man was boiling snails, which the men ate with their pudding. Beautiful golden oranges were piled up in great heaps in the shops and on tables in the street, and dried figs were hanging outside of the doors, and were also heaped up on tables for sale.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Mary, "I never saw so many oranges and figs in my life. What do the people do with them all?"

"They eat them, Mary."

"I should not like to eat the figs, mother. They do not look nice, and they have sticks stuck through them."

"Some of them have, my dear. They are put on those sticks when they are first picked, and then they are hung up to dry. Some are dried without sticks, and some are packed into boxes."

"Is sugar put with them to make them so sweet, mamma?"

"No, Mary; nothing is put with them. All the sweetness is in the fig itself. As the juice dries out, it leaves the sugar you sometimes see on the outside."

"The figs we had after dinner yesterday, mamma, were the sweetest I ever tasted."

"Those, Mary, were skinned before they were dried. The figs we usually have are dried with their skins on."

"The Neapolitans must live on them, mamma, they have so many. I should like to live on them myself."

"A diet of oranges and figs seems very agreeable to us, Mary; and it is delightful to see the oranges

and lemons hanging ripe upon the trees. How fragrant the air must be when they are in blossom."

"Oh, mamma, it would be lovely to be in Italy then! But see those women busy at work; what are they doing?"

"They are making nets for the fishermen."

"How rapidly they do it. But why do they sit out here among the boats, with the sun shining on their heads?"

"They like to be in the open air, my daughter. The Neapolitans have always been noted for living out of doors."

"I do not wonder at it, do you, mamma? It is so pleasant here."

Everything Mary saw delighted her. Her tongue was constantly in motion, and she kept her mother busy answering questions. Mrs. Brown was very willing to listen to all her daughter's inquiries, for she was desirous to have her learn as much as possible about everything she saw in Europe.

A continuous line of houses leads out from Naples to Portici. You would not think that you had gone out of the city, if you did not find that the people call the place Portici, instead of Naples.

Many of the houses have their names painted beside the doors, and each one is called a "Villa," which is the Italian for "country-seat." Many people go out from Naples in summer and spend a few weeks in these villas, because it is cooler there than in the thickly-settled city.

The carriage soon drove into a great court, which had a high building all around it. At the doors were soldiers, who walked up and down and watched every one that passed in and out. Mary asked her mother what the building was, and she told her that it was the king's palace.

"Why, mother, his palace is in Naples," said Mary.

"That is only one of his palaces; he has several," replied Mrs. Brown.

"I should think he would never feel at home in any of them, mamma. I am sure I should not like so many homes."

"He probably is not very happy my dear," replied Mrs. Brown, "for the people of this country dislike him because he is tyrannical, and no king is happy when his people do not love him."

"Why, mamma, we are going out of the palace

again!" exclaimed Mary. "The street goes right through it. How funny!"

"It does seem singular. But you know, Mary, that in European cities the streets often pass under houses."

"Almost everything seems queer in Europe, mamma. The houses are not built like ours; the people do not dress as we do, they eat different things, and they live differently."

"True, my love. There are many who dress as we do; all the wealthier people do; but the country people and the poorer classes wear costumes that have been worn in the same country for centuries."

"See, mamma," cried Mary, "do look at those queer glass bottles and earthen pots."

"Such glass bottles, or flasks, are in common use here for water, and milk, and wine, and when Pompeii was discovered, Mary, bottles of exactly the same shape were found buried there."

"How strange, mamma."

"The people who lived in those old times, used, for the most part, the same sort of dishes that we do now, only they were made of earthen-ware or

glass. They seem to have known little about finer kinds of crockery. No china dishes have been found."

"Were many dishes found, mamma?"

"A great many, my child; cups, bottles, plates, baking-dishes, bowls, strainers and other things which I cannot think of now."

"Are they preserved, mamma?"

"They are in the Museo Borbonico. I hope we shall see them some day."

"Can you not think of something else they found?"

"They found great wine jugs of earthenware. These jugs had a short neck, with a handle on each side of it, and the bottom, instead of being flat, was pointed just like a sharpened pencil."

"I should not think the jugs would stand up," said Mary.

"The sharp end," replied Mrs. Brown, "was thrust into the sand, and that held them up. When the wine was going to be used, water was poured on the sand, and that cooled the wine."

"Did they drink a great deal of wine?" asked Mary.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "and they used it as

an offering to their gods. When they sat down to their meals, they poured out a little wine on the ground as a libation."

"What is a 'libation?'" asked Mary.

"An offering, my love. This libation was considered a token of respect to the gods, and it was thought they would look with favor upon those who offered it."

Conversing in this way, Mrs. Brown and her daughter drove on through Resina and Torre del Greco. Beyond, for a space, there were but few houses along the road. To their left, they saw plainly the smoky peak of Vesuvius.

"Oh, mamma, there is the great hill," said Mary, laughing, "I really cannot make up my mind to call it a mountain."

"You will call it a mountain," replied her mother, also laughing, "when you come to ascend it."

"Is it very hard to go up?" asked Mary.

"I believe it is, my child. Does it not look as though you could take a good many steps from the bottom to the top?"

"Yes," said Mary, thoughtfully; "but must we walk up?"

"Not all the way," replied Mrs. Brown; "we can go on horseback up to the Hermitage, that small house you see half way up the mountain. Beyond that, we must walk or be carried by men."

"Why? mamma."

"Because the rest of the mountain, that is, the cone, is very steep. Horses or donkeys could not go up it."

"I am glad, mamma!"

"Why? Mary."

"Oh, I shall be so proud to say I have walked up Vesuvius. It will seem odd, when I go home and go to school, to study geography again, and learn about Vesuvius. I shall know so much about it already, and I shall tell the other girls about it, and about Pompeii too. How nice that will be at lunch time."

"*Datemi qualche cosa, datmi qual' cosa!*" cried a voice beside the wagon. It came from a little girl, who was running along trying to keep up with the vehicle. "*Sono povera; morta di fame; signorina, signorina, qual' cosa;*" and she moved her hand frequently and rapidly to her mouth.

"What does she say?" asked Mary, "I cannot understand her."

"She says," replied her mother, "give me something; I am dying of hunger; my little lady, give me something."

"May I give her some money?" asked Mary.

"If you wish, my dear," replied Mrs. Brown, and she handed Mary a small coin.

The little girl still ran along, and held on by one hand to the carriage. When she saw the coin in Mary's hand, her face became very eager, and she called out louder than before:

"*Eccellen', morta di fame, Eccellen', Eccellen'.*"

Mary dropped the coin to her. It missed her hand and fell upon the road. The child called out, "*grazia, grazia, Excellen',*" and stooped to hunt it up in the dirt. Having found it, she ran off contented.

"Why," said Mary, "she said 'thank you, Excellency.' How cousin Elizabeth would laugh if she could hear her call me 'Excellency.'"

"'Your Excellence, is a common form of address with beggars in Italy. There comes another. It is a poor, blind man," said Mrs. Brown.

"May I give him something, too?" asked Mary.

"Yes, my daughter," answered Mrs. Brown, "and then we must not give to any more. There are so many beggars in Italy, that we cannot think of helping all."

The blind man came rapidly up to them. He was led by a little boy, and both of them cried out, although they were almost breathless with running:

"*Morto di fame; qual' cosa per il povero cieco, signora, signorina, morto di fame.*"

Mary gave them a piece of money, and they turned away.

"Did not they say, mamma, that they were dying with hunger?" asked Mary, earnestly.

"They did," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Well," said Mary, "this time, it could not be true, for the boy had a large piece of bread in his hand."

Mary sat thoughtful awhile. At last she said, "There is a piece of bread in our satchel; may I give it to the next beggar who says he is dying of hunger?"

"Certainly," answered her mother, and Mary

took the bread from the bag. She did not wait long for a chance to give it away. A boy came running after them, crying out as the others had done. She threw him the piece of bread. He caught it—made a face at Mary, and spitefully threw the bread after the carriage."

"Oh, mother," said Mary, "how can he be so naughty? He says he is dying of hunger, and yet he throws away good bread."

They now entered another little village, and, driving rapidly through it, saw, not far off, a long bank of earth.

"Pompeii is under that bank, signora," said the driver, addressing Mrs. Brown, and pointing with his whip.

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, "we have really got to the city. How delighted I am. But we cannot see anything but earth."

"Have a little patience, Mary," said her mother, smiling.

"In a few minutes the carriage stopped at the door of a house, and Mrs. Brown and her daughter alighted.

"This house, Mary," said her mother, "is partly built of one of the old houses of Pompeii, and through it we enter the city."

Several men were standing at the door, and Mrs. Brown told her daughter that they were guides, who went with travellers through the city to show them the way, and to keep them from stealing or injuring anything.

"Many people would like to have something from Pompeii," she said; "but if each one carried away something, in a few years the houses would be greatly defaced, and travellers would not enjoy coming here nearly so much as they do now."

CHAPTER V.

The guide led Mrs. Brown and her daughter, through several doorways, into a large square enclosure, surrounded by columns. The columns looked old, and they were partly broken, but it was easy to see that the lower part of them had once been of a bright red, while the upper part was of a bright yellow.

"What queer columns, mamma!" said Mary; "are they painted?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Brown. "The people of Pompeii were fond of bright colors, and you will see a great many such columns in different parts of the city. You will also find the outside of the houses covered with red stucco. But look at this place we are in, my child. It was once the barracks for soldiers to live in."

"Oh," cried Mary, "it is the one you told me of, mamma, where they found the skeletons of the men, and women, and children; and the weapons, and the pieces of cloth, and the golden ornaments. And there was an up-stairs to it, was there not?"

"Yes, my child. Come into this little room;" and Mrs. Brown stepped into a small apartment.

I must here tell my young readers, that all around the court, which is in the middle of the barracks, there are small rooms, supposed to have been the bed-rooms of the soldiers.

Mrs. Brown pointed to a piece of furniture in one of the rooms, and asked Mary what she thought it was.

"I am sure I cannot imagine," answered Mary, after having attentively examined it.

"It was an instrument of punishment," said her mother. "It is what we call 'stocks,' and the same kind of thing is used at the present day. The feet of the man who was considered deserving of this punishment, were thrust between the little partitions you see here, and then the rod at the end was run through these holes in the partition and held his feet fast."

"And how long was he left with his feet in the stocks?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"That I cannot tell," replied Mrs. Brown, "more or less time, according to the crime he had committed. When these barracks were uncovered, two skeletons were sitting here with their feet in the stocks."

"In these very stocks, mamma?" asked Mary.

"Not in these," answered Mrs. Brown, "for these are of wood. The skeletons were found in this little room, with their feet in stocks made of iron, and we shall see the original stocks in the museum at Naples?"

"And are the skeletons' feet in them still?" asked Mary.

"No, my dear."

"Why did they not leave the things all here?" said Mary.

"They feared that another eruption might cover the city again, and they also feared that the weather would injure them," replied Mrs. Brown, "for many of them are very easily spoiled. In the museum, they are kept with the greatest care. They are old, very old, my dear, nearly two thousand years

old. This room," continued Mrs. Brown, "was the prison; that one is the room where they ate. Here is the stable, in which was found the skeleton of a horse, as well as some of his harness. In the upper rooms were skeletons, and also two beautiful golden bracelets, with emeralds in them; ear-rings, too, and hair-pins, and chests full of clothes were found. But we must not linger long here, for there are so many things to see that we cannot stay as long as we might like in each house."

They left the barracks and walked a little way, to another ruined building. It was a half-circle in shape, and round the inside were rows of seats from the bottom to the top. In front of these seats was a long platform, behind which were small rooms.

"What do you think this is, Mary?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"It looks like a lecture room, mamma."

"It is a theatre," said Mrs. Brown, "and it was so situated that the spectators could look out on the Bay while they sat on the seats."

"But, mamma, how could they see when they were in the house?"

"It had no roof, my child. When the sun was hot, an awning of cloth was drawn over the top. The walls, and seats, and stairs were all covered with beautiful white marble."

"It looks just like a ruin, mamma," said Mary, "and yet we can sit down here, if we choose, and imagine that we are Pompeians. I think it would have looked like a ruin to me when it was new, if it had no roof."

"That is only because you are not accustomed to such buildings," replied her mother. "There is, however, another little theatre near here, which has a roof."

They left the theatre and went up a flight of steps which led to some elevated ground, from which they could look down upon the two theatres.

"Mamma," said Mary, "it is very much like looking out of our windows at home into our neighbors' gardens. The walls of the buildings stand for the fences, and as their roofs are gone, the houses look more like open yards than anything else. When I get home, I shall tell the girls at school how they looked. And I can tell you what else these ruined houses look like, mamma; like houses partly

built and left a good while, till they have grown old."

They passed into another enclosure, which the guide said was a temple of Isis.

"Who was Isis?" asked Mary.

"Isis was an Egyptian goddess, my love," replied her mother.

"Why, then, did they have a temple here, mamma? The Pompeians were not Egyptians."

"No, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, "but the worship of foreign gods and goddesses was common in Italy. Most of their deities were of Greek origin, as you will learn by and by."

Mary could not understand the whole arrangement of the temple, but her mother showed her the large altar, with a gutter at one side, by means of which the blood of the victim offered on the altar ran off into a basin placed below. Around the principal altar were many smaller ones, placed at different distances about the court. She saw, also, the lofty platform on which the statue of Isis used to stand, and she went up the steps that led to it. Her mother showed her, at the top, the little room where the priests used to hide when the goddess

was going to utter an oracle. Mrs. Brown told her daughter that the people who were gathered in the temple to hear what the goddess had to say, thought that the statue itself spoke, but in reality the priests spoke for it."

"Then the priests deceived the people, mamma," said Mary.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "and it is remarkable that this little nook, in which the priests of Isis hid in order to deceive the people, should have been discovered so many hundred years after it was used, while at the time that the priests deluded the people, its existence was not known at all. There is in the Museum a statue of a goddess with a hole between her shoulders, to which the priest, standing behind her, applied his mouth, and made the sound pass through her chest and come out at her lips. Perhaps he used a tube, which communicated with this aperture, and so spoke from a distance. Look down this hole in the ground, Mary. Do you see the water at the bottom? It is a cistern. Just think! It was used centuries ago by the priests of Isis, when they offered sacrifices to their goddess."

From this temple they passed into a long street, paved with stones. Along its sides were houses, and Mrs. Brown told Mary that they had been shops.

"Many of them were jewelers' shops," she said, "and this street is called the Street of Abundance. It receives it name from a fountain that stands in it, for a little stone figure of the goddess of Plenty was found on the fountain."

Mary was interested in looking at the shops. They were empty, their roofs were gone, but the paint on the walls was still bright, though in many places the stucco was very much broken. Her mother called her attention to some names painted on the outside of the houses. Of course she could not read them, for they were in a language she did not understand, but Mrs. Brown told her that they were the names of the people who once kept the shops. Sometimes it looked as if one name had been painted over another, probably because one person had moved out of the shop and another had moved in. In one house she saw a little painting of a monkey playing on a pipe.

The guide said that a skeleton was dug out

in this street, with a purse full of gold coin in his hand. He also took them into a house, called the "House of the Physician," because a great many pills and surgical instruments were discovered in it.

I cannot tell you about all the houses that Mary went into, but all of them interested her very much. She never was tired of admiring the brightly painted walls, and she kept saying what a pity it was that so many pieces were broken out of them. She was delighted to see that the outsides of the houses were brightly painted too.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "I should have liked to live in Pompeii. The walls are so beautiful. They look as if they had just been painted; and as for the floors, they are the handsomest I ever saw. I did not think there were such wonderful things anywhere out of fairy land."

What Mary so greatly admired in the floors, was the pavement of mosaic. This mosaic is made up of a great many little square pieces of marble, some black, some white, some red, yellow, or blue. These pieces are arranged in such a way that they form birds, or fishes, or other animals; sometimes they represent men fighting or fishing. Sometimes they

are arranged in squares, or lines, without representing animals or people at all. At Pompeii, these beautiful mosaics are kept covered with sand, and when visitors come to see the city the sand is swept off. They are kept covered because the houses are without roofs, for the roofs were burnt off or fell in when the city was destroyed, and the rain falling upon the pretty mosaics would perhaps spoil them by loosening the stones.

Mrs. Brown showed her daughter the Forum, or great public square, where business was transacted. Around it were ranged blocks of marble, on which statues once stood. A temple, dedicated to Jupiter, and one to Venus, opened on this square. Some of the columns which surrounded the Forum were new, but unfinished; and Mrs. Brown told Mary that the old ones had probably been thrown down and broken by the earthquakes which occurred a few years before the eruption, and that the workmen had not finished the new ones, when the lava came and buried the city.

The streets through which Mrs. Brown and Mary had already passed, were without sidewalks. This is also the case in many of the streets of Naples, and

one must always be on the look-out, when walking in them, not to be run over by the little one-horse wagons which are driven through the city with great rapidity.

Mary and her mother next entered a street which had sidewalks similiar to those our streets have. It was called the Street of Fortune. The guide showed them a house where a skeleton was discovered in the attitude of getting out of a window. It had in its hand a purse full of money and ornaments.

"How many skeletons had purses full of gold!" said Mary.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Brown; "when the inhabitants found that they must leave the city, each one, of course, tried to take his treasures with him. Some, probably, succeeded in doing so, others died with their treasures in their hands."

"And their money lay here almost two thousand years," said Mary, "and other people got it at last."

"Yes, my love," said Mrs. Brown, "the spirits that once lived in the skeletons went away, but they could not take with them the gold they had thought so much of. It makes us think about what the

Bible says of laying up our treasure in Heaven, which means, my dear, that it is far better and wiser to love God, and live in a way that is pleasing to Him, than to be rich in money and in the things of this world."

They now went into a large building, which was called a bath.

"The ancients," said Mrs. Brown, "were very fond of bathing, and some of the most luxurious among them bathed three times every day. The government built public bathing houses for the people, and made them very handsome. Follow me, and I will tell you what the different rooms were used for. In this room are holes in the walls, in which pegs were once put to hang the clothes of the bathers upon. In this next room are shelves where pots of ointment stood, for the bathers used to rub their bodies all over with ointment before they went into the water. In this next room was the warm bath, and you see, under the floor, the furnace for heating it. In the room beyond, we shall see a round basin of marble, which was for cold baths."

"Why, the pavement here, too," said Mary, "was of marble and mosaic work; and see what

beautiful ceilings; see, mamma, the ceilings are perfect yet. See the paintings of dolphins, and lyres, and pretty vines. How beautiful it all must have been before Pompeii was overthrown. How I wish I could have looked in here then."

"In these rooms were found some of the instruments the ancients employed to cleanse the skin. One curious instrument that is not used among us, I will mention. It is called the *strigil.* It is in shape something like a knife. The edges, however, are thick and dull, and it was used to scrape the skin, and take off the little rolls of the external skin, such as you have noticed on your arms when you have rubbed them hard after bathing."

"I should like to see a *strigil.* Is there one here now, mamma?" asked Mary.

"There is none here," replied her mother, "but we shall see some in the great Museum. And now we must go on, for there is still a great deal to be seen."

The next house they entered was the finest in Pompeii. It is called the House of the Faun, because a beautiful little bronze statue of a dancing faun was discovered in it.

"And shall we see the little statue?" asked Mary.

"Yes, in the Museum in Naples," replied her mother.

"Has it long horns, mamma, like a deer?"

"No, my, child," replied Mrs. Brown, "the faun was not a deer at all. It was a god who lived in the woods. The name is spelled f-a-u-n, not f-a-w-n."

"I will remember that," said Mary, laughing, "for I do not like to make such mistakes."

"You must not mind making mistakes," replied her mother. "If you learn something every day, by and by you will not make so many; but you must always ask questions about things when you do not understand them In this house, too, was found, my dear Mary, a very large piece of mosaic work, forming the largest picture in mosaic that was discovered in Pompeii. It represents a battle, and is now in the Museum."

"Oh, that Museum!" exclaimed Mary. "It seems to me that everything is in the Museum."

Her mother smiled, and said, "The Museum is full of wonderful things. You will see there silver

stew-pans found in this very house, as well as jewelry, and a great many other things that were discovered on this spot; for this house had in it more beautiful things than any other."

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, "I feel almost impatient to go away from here to see the Museum."

"And," answered her mother, "when you are in the Museum, you will wish you were here again, to see the spots where the things were found."

"I suppose I shall," said Mary, laughing in reply to her mother's smile, and they went on their way.

In the curb-stone of the street, the guide pointed out to them some small holes, which he said were used instead of horse-posts to fasten the horses to, and he explained to Mary how the bridle was passed through the holes and tied. They saw also, at the corners of the street, three great flat stones laid across between the sidewalks; and the guide told Mary that they answered the same purpose as stepping-stones in a brook, that they were intended for people to cross the street on. Mary ran across on them to the opposite sidewalk, and then returning, said to her mother:

"How nice it would be to have such stones in Broadway! We should not get our shoes muddy."

"But how," asked her mother, "could the omnibuses and carts, and carriages pass?"

"Why," said Mary, thoughtfully, "I do not know. Were there no carriages in Pompeii?" she asked, turning towards the guide.

"There were chariots," he replied; "and if you will look between these stepping-stones, you will see the deep ruts made in the pavement by the wheels. You see, Miss, the wheels passed between the stones."

"And," asked Mary, "did the horse go right over the middle stone?"

"I suppose he did, Miss," answered the guide, "I don't see that there was any other place for him to go."

Mary called her mother's attention to a cart drawn by oxen, which was crossing the street, not a great way off. In the cart was earth that had been taken from some building which was being excavated.

"Oh, mamma," cried she, "we can almost imagine that we are among the old Pompeians,

when we see a cart rolling through the street. It seems as if people were busy here, as they used to be. Does it not?"

"It does, Mary," answered her mother, "and it would be pleasant to spend several hours sitting in one of these door-ways, dreaming and talking about the people who once lived in the houses around us, and of the children who once played on these side-walks. We could imagine the sound of the work-men's carts to be the noise of the vehicles of old Pompeii, and when visitors went by, we could imagine them to be strangers on a visit to the city when it was in its prime."

"Could we not imagine them to be Pompeians, mamma?" asked Mary.

"No, my dear," answered her mother, "their costume is too different. In the days before Pompeii was buried, no nation in the world dressed as we do. But we could make believe, as children say, that they were strangers from some distant and unknown land."

"The land we come from, mamma," said Mary, "was an unknown land to the Pompeians. If they could wake up and see us here I wonder what they would think of us."

"America was not dreamed of until fourteen hundred years after Pompeii was buried," said Mrs. Brown.

"How hard it is to believe that," said Mary.

It would tire my young readers to tell them about all the houses Mrs. Brown and Mary visited, so I shall pick out one more of the most interesting. It is called the "House of the Tragic Poet," because there was on one of its walls a picture of a man reading from a scroll, and he was supposed to be a poet. As Mrs. Brown and Mary entered the large central hall, the former said:

"Now, my daughter, can you tell me the name of the room in which we stand?"

"Oh," replied Mary, "it is *at*—, I forget mamma."

"It is the *atrium*, my dear," said her mother.

"Oh, yes," said Mary, eagerly, "and this basin in the pavement is the *impluvium*, into which the rain fell that came in through the hole in the roof. I remembered *that* name, did I not? And here," she continued, stepping down into the now dry impluvium, "here are little snail shells, and some other very, very small shells of a different kind. How pretty they are. May I take some home?"

"Yes," said her mother, "but I am afraid they will break. Perhaps, however, if you wrap them up very carefully in your handkerchief, they will go safely in your pocket."

Mary did as her mother suggested, and said that it would be so pleasant to show the girls at school snail shells that had really come from Pompeii.

"Do you see, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, "how the rooms open from the *atrium*? These doors all around us, you see, lead into small rooms."

"I see, mamma," replied Mary, "and how prettily the walls are painted. They are all covered with stucco, are they not? and then the stucco is painted;" and she went to the wall and carefully examined a part that was broken. "If I can find a piece of broken stucco on the ground, may I pick it up?" she asked.

"If the guide will allow you to do so," said her mother.

Mary immediately began to hunt around among the fragments of mortar that had fallen from the wall; at last she found a beautiful piece, one surface of which was covered with bright red paint. She showed it to the guide, who said that it had

crumbled from the wall and could not be replaced, so she might put it into her pocket, which she did with great delight.

"My dear," said her mother, "we can pass from this *atrium* into another court, which was entirely open to the sky. In it there was once a garden. This court was called a *peristyle*, and the most private rooms of the house opened on it. Many of the houses had no *peristyle*, and their bedrooms opened upon the *atrium;* but when there was a *peristyle*, the bedrooms usually opened upon that. You must understand, my child, that these houses are very interesting, for before Pompeii was discovered we knew but little of the way in which private houses were arranged among the ancients."

"I am very much interested in everything, mamma; but I am afraid that I cannot remember it all," said Mary.

"You will remember a great deal, my dear," said Mrs. Brown, encouragingly, "and when you read and study, you will constantly recall something you thought you had forgotten."

"I hope so, I am sure," said Mary; "it would be too bad to see so much and forget it all in a few

weeks I have noticed one thing in almost all the houses of Pompeii, mamma, which I think is very pretty."

"What is it, Mary?"

"That on the wall, around, just above the ground, there are almost always plants and little shrubs and flowers painted, just as if they grew up out of the ground."

"Yes, my dear, they look very much as plants would look, growing along the base of the wall; and I suppose they are imitations of flowers that grew and were admired in Pompeii, or its neighborhood."

As they left the house, Mrs. Brown said: "In the house we are leaving, Mary, there was found a singular mosaic. It represented a great dog, chained, and at its feet were the words, '*cave canem*,' which means, 'Beware of the Dog.' The dog was of course intended to represent a watch-dog, which kept guard at the door of the house, for the mosaic was in the pavement close by the door. The dog, as well as a great many beautiful pictures which made this house very celebrated when it was first uncovered has been carried away to Naples."

"And put into the Museum, I suppose," said Mary, laughing; "everything goes into that Museum."

"Yes," answered her mother, "they are all in the Museum."

Continuing their walk, they saw a baker's shop, with the oven where he baked bread, and the great stone mills in which he ground grain. Mary picked up in this shop another piece of red wall, which she put into her pocket with the other. Then they went into the shops where wine and oil were sold, and saw the great jars made of earthenware, in which the wine and oil were kept for sale. These jars were still embedded in the earth.

Finally, they came out on a broad street, called the Street of Tombs, because on each side of it there are graves and marble monuments. This street leads to a gate, by which visitors may pass in and out of Pompeii. It was one of the entrances to the ancient city, and the ruins of a large inn stand near it, in which, it is supposed, strangers just arrived at Pompeii lodged.

On this street, just before they left the city, they went up a flight of steps into a large house, which Mrs. Brown said was once the house of Diomedes.

"In it," said she, "you remember there were found a number of skeletons of people who had sought refuge in the cellar."

They went down into this cellar, which was a very long apartment with an arched roof. On one side, high up in the wall, were small windows, through which the ashes that destroyed the people gathered there, had sifted. Mrs. Brown pointed out to Mary a line on the wall, and told her that that was the height to which the ashes reached.

"Oh, mamma, it is far, far above our heads," said Mary, seriously.

"And here," added her mother, "along the wall, are jars for wine. Look into them, and you will see that they are full of black earth. It is the ashes which filled the cellar when the city and the people who hid here were all buried together."

The guide showed them some marks on the wall near the door. "Here," said he, "you see where the people, who took refuge in this cellar, leaned against the wall. The ashes settled all around them and discolored the wall, but where the shoulders of the people rested the wall is not altered."

Mary felt frightened as she looked at these marks

"Oh, mamma," she said, in a whisper, "if Vesuvius should burst out now, and bury us, also, in this vault!"

"The mountain will not burst out without giving some warning," replied her mother, quietly; "and now we will go up stairs and look at the rooms." As they passed up, they saw in the garden the spot where Diomedes and his servant were discovered, trying to escape by the garden gate, about which Mrs. Brown had told Mary in their conversation at the hotel.

Up stairs, they saw a large number of rooms, one of which was a ladies' dressing-room, and in it was found a little box of rouge.

"Ladies had vanity in old times as well as now-a-days, signora," said the guide, addressing Mrs. Brown; "indeed, I think people were pretty much the same then as now."

"Were there any Christians in Pompeii, mamma?" asked Mary, thoughtfully.

"We do not know, Mary; our Saviour died forty-six years before Pompeii was destroyed, and it is possible that some of his followers may have been in the city at the time of its destruction, but we know nothing about it."

Besides the spots I have mentioned, Mrs. Brown and Mary went to the amphitheatre, which was still very perfect. Mary ran up the steps, and sat down on the seats, and tried to think that she was waiting, with a great crowd of people, to see the wild beasts come into the arena and fight together.

"When do you suppose the last show took place here?" she asked her mother.

"It is said," answered Mrs. Brown, "that the people were assembled in this amphitheatre when the strange eruption from the mountain began."

"That was a greater show than they had expected to see, when they left their houses to come here. How frightened they must have been."

Mary picked a few leaves from the plants which grew on the walls of the amphitheatre, and laid them in a little book she had with her. "It will seem so strange to me when I get home, to look at these little leaves and think that I really picked them in Pompeii. I shall hardly believe it," she said.

By this time, Mary and her mother were very tired, and I am afraid my readers are also. They were glad to say good-bye to Pompeii, and though

they left the city by the Street of Tombs, which was far from where they had entered, they found their driver waiting for them. He had driven round to this gate from the one where they had left him.

The sky had become cloudy, and although they drove rapidly, large drops of rain fell before they came into Naples.

"There!" said Mary, as she drew her shawl up over her shoulders, "a large drop of rain has hit me on my nose; and see how fast the rain begins to fall! It is just as you said, mamma: a bright and sunshiny morning, has turned into a dark and dismal evening."

CHAPTER VI.

We left Mary and her mother to come into Naples in the rain. No sooner had they reached the hotel, than a heavy shower drove everybody within doors. Nor did the rain cease that night. The next day, and the day after, it rained, but finally a beautiful sunset gave promise of a pleasant morrow.

When Mary looked out of the window, early in the morning, she clapped her hands. "Where shall we go to-day, mamma, where shall we go to-day?" she exclaimed. "The sun is coming up, and the sky is all pink and gold. Oh, mamma, such a lovely sunrise!" and while Mary dressed, she ran every minute to the window to look out at the sky, and to exclaim how beautiful it was. And I hope, if any of my young readers ever go to Naples, they will remember to get up in time to see the sun rise,

for it is a glorious sight. Nor must they forget to walk or drive along the Bay in the afternoon, for the sunsets are very different from sunsets in our country. The sky and the mountains are more rosy; the smoke from Vesuvius makes a soft haze along the horizon, and this haze changes color as the sun sinks. The water in the Bay, too, is of a deep and peculiar blue, and the island of Capri changes from azure to amethyst in the sunset light.

"How does Vesuvius look, Mary?" asked Mrs. Brown, who had not yet left her bed.

"Oh, mamma, it shows so plainly. There is a large cloud of smoke over it, and the cloud rises right up, like a tree."

"That is a sign of clear weather," said Mrs. Brown, "and I am glad Vesuvius looks well, for we shall try to go to the top of it to-day. We must take advantage of the fine weather."

This information was all that was necessary to make Mary hasten with her toilet; but she found that in her hurry she mislaid everything, and her mother was ready before her.

"Do not hurry so, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, laughing; "it is only seven o'clock; we need not start

before eight. Here are your ribbons," and she helped her daughter tie up her hair.

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, "I have broken my shoestring."

"You cannot wear the shoes you are putting on, my child," replied Mrs. Brown; "put on your old leather boots. The stones are rough, and you would tear the others. And put on your old brown dress. You see that I have on my oldest clothes."

"Why," said Mary, "shall we tear everything to pieces?"

"We may, my dear, and it is best to be prepared," replied Mrs. Brown.

In about an hour, Mrs. Brown and Mary were on their way to Vesuvius. They drove to Resina, and there engaged horses and a guide to take them up to the Hermitage. Mary was delighted at the idea of having a ride on horseback. The guide helped her get up on the saddle, and telling her that her horse was gentle, he proceeded to assist Mrs. Brown to mount.

In the meantime, Mary's horse, which knew the road, walked slowly on, and though Mary was a little frightened at going off alone, she did not call

to her mother, but kept perfectly quiet. Her horse turned into a narrow path, arched overhead. Upon this arch a house was built. Under the shadow of the arch the horse stopped, greatly to the relief of his young mistress, and Mary sat wondering why people so often made the roads and lanes run under houses, when her mother and the guide overtook her.

Mary's horse still kept ahead. The lane through which they went was very narrow, and there were high walls on either side of it. The children they met, stopped and stood close to the wall, lest the horses might hit them, and one of the largest girls called out:

"*Bravo, signorina, bravo!*"

A woman who passed said to Mrs. Brown, "*La signorina ha molto coraggio.*"

"What did she say, mamma?" asked Mary.

"She said," replied her mother, "'that the little lady has a great deal of courage.'"

"Did she mean me, mamma? I do not think it takes much courage to ride on this horse."

As they now came into a broader road, she tried to make her horse fall back and walk beside her

mother's. The animals were in the habit of following each other in a single line up the mountain, and they refused to go side by side. This disappointed Mary, but she laughed and said, "The horses like to have their own way, mamma."

"Yes, my child, and they perhaps know what is best this time."

The road soon became smooth, and the animals began to trot. Mary tried her best not to be frightened, and to keep her seat, but suddenly she found herself slipping down, saddle and all, toward the ground.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried; but in a moment the guide had sprung from his horse and was at her side.

"Your saddle turned, my love," said her mother, who was a little frightened, "but do not be afraid. The guide will set you on the ground and tighten the girth so that the saddle will not turn again."

Mary trembled a good deal when the guide took her in his arms, but as soon as she touched the ground she felt safe, and she went to her mother, who still sat on her horse.

"Do not come too near my horse, my dear child,"

she said; "sit down on that stone until the girth is fastened."

Mary did so, and tried not to be afraid to mount again.

"It does take some courage to ride a horse, mamma, I think," she said at last.

"Oh, you have enough courage," said her mother. "Now your saddle is ready, and we can go on safely."

The guide lifted her up, and in a few minutes she felt quite secure on the horse. She leaned forward and patted the animal on his neck.

"You are a good horsey," she said, "and did not mean to let me get hurt, I know. It was not your fault that the saddle slipped, but please don't *trot* any more."

On each side of the road were vineyards. The grape-vines were trained on trees. These trees had but few leaves; only enough to keep them alive, and Mary said she thought it was too bad to keep them trimmed so, "for," said she, "they do not have any enjoyment at all."

"Perhaps it gives them pleasure to hold up the vines, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, smiling.

"I hope it does, mamma," answered Mary, "but for my part, I doubt it. I think they would rather have leaves and fruit of their own."

They were now ascending a steep, winding road, and the guide told them to look back and see Naples and the Bay. The city and Bay were far below them, for they had been gradually climbing ever since they left Resina, and a broad brown descent lay between them and the plain on which Naples stood. The houses of the city were dazzlingly white, for the sun shone on them, and the Bay was of a deep, bright blue. The suburbs of Naples enclosed the Bay, so that it looked as if it lay within a half-ring of white houses. Beyond the houses, a semi-circle of hills rose, and these were of a paler and more delicate blue. Mrs. Brown and her daughter looked with delight at this beautiful map spread out below them.

Soon they came in sight of the Hermitage. It is a large building, standing alone half way up Vesuvius. The road ascends until it reaches the Hermitage, and then for some distance the ground is almost level. From this plain, the cone of Vesuvius rises. Mary looked up at the Hermitage.

"Does it not look lonely?" she said. "I would not like to live there, so near Vesuvius. I could not trust the volcano."

"Look, my child," said Mrs. Brown, "at the ground over which we are passing. The vineyards are far below us, and all around us we see no plants at all. The ground is almost black, and covered with irregular masses of stone."

"What queer looking stone, mamma; it is all full of holes, and yet it looks very hard."

"It was thrown out from the mountain, Mary," said her mother. "The ground here is made of the ashes that fell from the volcano, and the great heaps of sponge-like stone were also thrown out. What a fearful shower it must have been, when they fell here."

"And were they hot, mamma? I can hardly believe it, it seems so strange."

"It does indeed seem strange, Mary. Do you see that wall beside you?"

"Yes, mamma."

"That," said Mrs. Brown, "is the end of a great stream of lava. You see it runs up in a continuous line along the ground, until you lose it among the

rocks, in the direction of the cone of the volcano. It ran over the top of the cone, and came on until it reached this spot. It kept cooling all the time, of course, and by the time it arrived here, it was so cool that it would not run any longer."

"But how suddenly it stopped, mamma. It is, as you said, just like a wall. The lava must have been thick even when it was melted."

"Yes, Mary; it is melted rock, you know. The stream sometimes, as it runs along, cools on the top while it is still very hot below, and when it is at rest you can walk over this cool upper surface just as you walk on the crust of snow."

"Is it not at all hot on top?" asked Mary, "I should think it would burn one's feet."

"It would probably burn your shoes a little even then, but it would not swallow you up. See how desolate all this region looks; there is no grass, no plant, only a bare waste of brown rocks and black ashes."

"See, mamma, how my horse picks his way among the rough stones. He keeps in front of yours all the time. Just now, when yours tried to pass, he bit at him. I cannot see where the path lies;

all things look alike, and yet he seems to know all about it."

"Our eyes," said Mrs. Brown, "could not tell the path; and if we were alone here, we might wander about all day among these masses of spongy rock. It is only now and then that we can see a trace of the path."

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, as they approached a steep ascent, "how will my horse go up here? It is just like stairs. I'm afraid he cannot do it."

"Oh, yes he can," said her mother; "lean forward a little when he goes up, and then lean backward when he goes down on the other side."

Mary followed her mother's directions, and went over the place easily. In a little while they came where several large stones were piled together in such a way that they were like a little flight of steps, and she was surprised to see her horse pick his way carefully up them. He went down on the other side very slowly, but his motions were so sudden that Mary was jolted a good deal. She saw, however, that he was in no danger of falling, and she began to feel a real affection for the faithful animal.

After passing the broad, desolate region I have

described, they came to a steep bank, on the top of which stood the Hermitage. The guide shouted to the horses to make them go up this bank. The patient beasts obeyed, but they showed plainly that it was a difficult task. Mary felt sorry for her horse, and talked to him to encourage him. She told her mother that although he did not understand English, he must know that she liked him.

They passed the Hermitage, in front of which were several other travellers, who were resting a few minutes before going up the cone of the mountain. The road was now on the top of a long bank, like the banks heaped up for railroads to run over in our country, and which all my young readers have seen. On one side of this bank was a plain full of black ashes and cinders, and Mary could see smoke rising from it here and there. There were many large, yellow spots upon its surface, as if some one had poured out a quantity of bright yellow paint on the dark ground.

"What is that smoke?" asked Mary.

"It rises from the lava which has not yet lost all its heat, for the plain is covered with lava that ran down there last year," replied Mrs. Brown.

"Last year!" cried Mary. "Oh, I wish I had seen it running. And what is the yellow, mamma?"

"It is sulphur," said her mother.

"It looks just the color of rolls of brimstone," said Mary.

"Yes, my dear, brimstone is sulphur, you know."

"I wish my horse would not go so near the edge of the bank, mamma."

"There is no danger, my child," said her mother, encouragingly; "he knows the path, and he would be quite as unwilling to fall down the bank, as you would be to have him. Have you noticed the trees that grow down the side of the bank?"

"Why, they are all dead, I think," said Mary, surprised.

"What do you suppose killed them?" asked her mother.

"I am sure I do not know. Was it the lava, mamma?"

"It was probably the heat and sulphurous vapor from that great bed of lava in the plain just below," said Mrs. Brown.

"It seems cruel, does it not?" asked Mary.

"I suppose the lava thinks that all this mountain is its own, and that the trees have no right to grow here."

They rode on, enjoying the novelty of the scene, and before long came to a spot where the guide asked them to dismount. He said the horses could go no farther, and they must proceed on foot or else be carried.

CHAPTER VII.

When Mrs. Brown had alighted, she turned to look about her. "There, on our left," said she to Mary, "stands Monte Somma."

Mary looked at the mountain, which shut off all view of the country and sky on their left. It was brown; only a little yellow moss grew upon its stones. Its side was rough and seamed with narrow fissures. It rose abruptly from the plain where they stood.

"You see, my child," said Mrs. Brown, pointing along the course of the mountain, "that Monte Somma curves a good deal, and partly encloses the plain on which we are standing. This plain is the old crater where the vines used to grow."

"And did Spartacus and his little army climb such a height as Monte Somma, to get out?" inquired Mary, in surprise.

"I suppose so," replied her mother.

"I am glad I was not one of his soldiers. How long ago was it that he did it, mamma?"

"It was seventy-three years before the birth of Christ."

"Oh, mamma, suppose the eruption had taken place while he was here," said Mary, quite excited by the thought.

"How long was it after he was here that the eruption did take place?" asked her mother.

"Let me see," answered the little girl, slowly. "Spartacus was here seventy-three years before Christ was born, and the eruption was seventy-nine years after the birth of Christ. I must add the numbers together. It was one hundred and fifty-two years. That is a great while. You said, mamma, that one side of the old crater fell away during the great eruption; which side was it?"

"It was on our right, Mary. It is entirely gone now. It ran around the spot now occupied by the cone of Vesuvius, and enclosed the plain on which we stand. The cone of Vesuvius, you know, rose right out of this plain. It came up just in the middle of it, that is, just in the middle of the ancient

crater. We cannot see the whole plain now, because the cone is in the way."

All this time Mrs. Brown was preparing herself and Mary to walk up the mountain. She fastened her own skirt up around her waist by means of a strap, so that she need not be obliged to hold it up with her hands, for she wanted them free in order to help herself up the steep path. She also tied Mary's shawl around her in such a way that she could freely use her arms.

The guide gave each of them a pole or long cane, and told them to follow him. As they went along, several men followed them with broad belts and with chairs. They urged Mrs. Brown to get into one of the chairs, and let them carry her up. Finding she would not do this, they wanted to put one of the belts around her waist, and draw her up by a leathern strap, fastened to the belt. Mrs. Brown preferred to help herself up, but she hired the men to carry Mary in a chair, for she was afraid her daughter would fall and hurt herself.

Mary laughed very much at the idea of being carried up the mountain. Mrs. Brown told the men to go very slowly, so that she could keep up with

them, for when people walk up a steep hill or mountain they ought to walk very slowly indeed, in order not to get out of breath.

"Why, mamma, how you slip in the sand," said Mary, looking down from her seat at her mother; "you slide back as fast as you walk up."

"Not quite, my child," said Mrs. Brown, smiling, "but it is pretty difficult to walk, even with the help of this pole. I shall, however, get used to it in a few minutes."

Their guide now left the sand and walked among and upon the masses of rock which covered one side of the cone. These masses are of various sizes, and sometimes offer a secure footing. Occasionally, however, they slip away from under one's feet, and roll down the mountain-side. They would slip much oftener were it not that they are so rough and irregular, that they fit into each other something like the parts of a dissected map.

"Mamma," said Mary, "these stones, too, look just like great pieces of hard sponge, only they are dark red and brown. They look, too, like the spongy clinker that comes out of a stove in which coal has been burned. I shall never see clinker again

without thinking of Vesuvius. And it is not strange the stones should look so, for Vesuvius is like a great stove with a fire in it. But," she added, looking up towards the top of the cone, "how white the mountain is above us; what makes it so?"

"It is snow," answered Mrs. Brown; "snow falls on mountains, you know, when it does not fall in the valleys. When rain fell in Naples yesterday, snow fell on Vesuvius."

"Shall we pass over the snow?" asked Mary.

"Probably, for a short distance," replied her mother; "the snow does not appear to be deep."

"There ought to be snow on the ground," said Mary, "for it is February; at least, there would be snow on the ground at home. I shall feel as if I were in New York, when I get up there in the snow."

"Not if you look up and see the smoke resting above you on the top of the mountain," returned Mrs. Brown.

"No, indeed, mamma, I did not think of that. But may I not get out of the chair and try to walk up behind you? I would like to try it a little while."

"If you wish, you may, my dear;" and Mrs. Brown told the men to stop, and help Mary down from the chair.

"The little lady wishes to be as brave as her mother," said one of the men; "that is well, but the walking is difficult. I will follow close behind her, and catch her if she falls."

Mrs. Brown thanked the man. He gave Mary a stick to walk with, and she joined her mother.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, after she had taken a few steps, "it is just like going up stairs, is it not? Only the steps are very rough."

"It is much like it, my dear, but we should think it hard if we could have no better stairs than these in our houses. I think, moreover, you have rarely been up stairs as steep as these."

"I can go up more easily if I take hold with my hands, like a monkey," said Mary, and she leaned forward and grasped the stones with her hands.

"Oh, this goes nicely," she said, "I feel as if I were climbing up a great stone wall. Is it not like a stone wall, such as we see around meadows in the country at home?"

"Very much, my dear," said Mrs. Brown, laughing.

"How little our horses begin to look," said Mary, partly turning round to look down the cone to the spot where they had left the animals. "It makes me feel as if I should fall when I look down," she added; "I believe it makes me dizzy."

"It is better not to look back, Mary; for it is quite as much as you can do to keep your footing on these stones."

"I am so warm," said the little girl. "May I take off my shawl?"

"Yes, but you must put it on the moment we get to the top, or you will take cold," replied her mother.

Mary took off her shawl, and the man behind her offered to carry it. He also took Mrs. Brown's shawl, for the exercise made any warm clothing very uncomfortable. After they had been climbing half an hour, they reached the snow. It was not so deep but that the ragged stones projected through it. Neither was it slippery. The only inconvenience that they felt from it was that it made their feet very cold.

Mrs. Brown told the men to help Mary into the chair again, and to put her shawl closely around her,

for she did not like her daughter to walk in the snow; and she was so heated with exercise, that she would soon have taken a severe cold, had she sat still without her shawl about her. Mrs. Brown saw that Mary was very tired. The little girl made no objection to being put into the chair, for the stones had hurt her feet. She had also lost her footing once and fallen forward upon her hands, but the guide had helped her up, and she had not hurt herself.

The last half of the journey did not seem so long as the first. There was no snow on the summit of the cone, for the warm vapor from the crater rolled down over it and melted it.

Mrs. Brown and Mary forgot all the fatigue of the ascent as soon as they reached the top. The great column of smoke which they had seen before they reached the Hermitage looked enormous now that they stood near it. They sat down a moment to rest, but could not breathe without coughing.

"Mamma, what makes us cough, and what is it that smells so queer?" asked Mary.

"It is the sulphurous vapor from the volcano that

smells so, and it is also that which makes you cough," said her mother.

"But I can't breathe—ugh, mamma, ugh," coughed out Mary. "Ugh, ugh—it stops—ugh—my breath—ugh—all the time."

"In a little while," said her mother, who was coughing too, "you will be able to breathe freely. You are partly exhausted by the effort of getting up here. Turn your back upon the smoke and walk off towards the edge of the cone."

Mary did so, and soon recovered her breath.

"Now, my little lady," said the guide, "if your mother and you are ready, we will go on."

Mary wondered where they were going. The earth around them was almost covered with huge stones, and where the guide stuck his stick into the earth and turned it up, Mary saw bright yellow lumps of sulphur, which crumbled when he struck them. The thick cloud that was constantly rolling up out of the crater, like smoke from a chimney, kept between them and the sun, and Mary found this pleasant, for she was still warm with exercise; but the sulphur made her cough, and the smell was disagreeable.

They went down a bank into a great hollow, and Mary felt her feet begin to grow warm.

"I do believe that the ground is warm," she said, and she stooped down and put her hand upon it.

"It *is* warm!" she exclaimed. "It is really quite hot. Do feel of it, mamma, do feel of it!"

Mrs. Brown stooped and felt of it, and then pointed out a little round hole in the ground not larger than a cup. From it a stream of vapor was rising.

"What is it, mamma?" asked Mary.

"It is vapor from below, my dear, and without doubt it is quite hot."

Mary ran to the spot, and stooping, held her hand down over the hole. She instantly drew it back, and exclaimed, "oh, mamma, it is just like steam from the spout of a kettle! I cannot bear my hand over it."

"It will do for a little kitchen," said Mrs. Brown. "After a while, a man will cook us some eggs at such a hole, and you will see that the vapor is really as hot as it seems."

Mary turned up the ground with her stick; when she saw the bright lumps of sulphur below, she said

she would like to carry some home. She picked one up in her hand, but let it fall very quickly.

"It is so hot I cannot hold it, mamma," she cried. "How strange! How afraid I should be to stay up here long. I should be afraid the fire would come out and burn me up. And see, there is another place where it smokes, and yonder is still another. What a very strange place this is."

She again picked up the lump of sulphur; finding it cooler, she put it into her pocket. They came up out of the hollow; on the edge of the bank stood a man with a basket of eggs. He asked Mrs. Brown whether she would like the eggs boiled soft or hard. She laughed, and said she would like to have them boiled hard to-day, for she wanted to see how good a fire there was in his kitchen. He laughed in return, and proceeded to put the eggs into a little hole in the ground. He did not cover them up, and Mary said she did not see how they could cook there.

They did not wait, however, but went up to a high point, from which they could look down upon the plain. The guide pointed out Pompeii; Mary looked with much interest at the spot, though she could not see the town very plainly.

In a few minutes, the man came running after them with the eggs. They took them, and after letting them cool a little, broke off the shells and found them cooked perfectly hard. In eating hers, Mary touched her tongue against a piece of the shell which still clung to the egg.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, "the shell is very bitter; it really bit my tongue."

"Something settled on its surface from the vapor that cooked it," replied her mother.

"The eggs are really well done, are they not?" asked Mary. "We shall think of Vesuvius when we eat eggs at home."

"Look at your dress, Mary," said Mrs. Brown.

"I declare!" said Mary, "something has taken the color out. It has changed from brown to red."

"What have you in your pocket?" asked Mrs. Brown, smiling. "The piece of warm sulphur you put in has changed the color of your dress."

Mary pulled out the yellow stone. "So it has, mamma," she said, and she turned her pocket inside out. "And see my pocket!" she exclaimed, "there is a big hole in it! What a hungry piece of stone, to eat up my pocket. I will throw it away."

She threw the sulphur down the side of the mountain. The guide saw her do so, and thought she wanted to watch it run down the long slope. He therefore took up a great stone, and, having called Mary's attention, threw it down the mountain. The little girl was delighted to see it go leaping from spot to spot down the long descent, till at last it was lost to her sight.

"I should not like to be in the place of that stone," she said, stepping back from the edge of the path, for the path was very narrow; "and I am *so* afraid I shall fall, that I will run on to yonder broad spot."

Her mother followed her, and the guide led them around to the edge of the great cloud of smoke. They came quite near to it. The sun was just behind it. The cloud of vapor looked as if it were full of fire, and it rolled up in enormous masses from the crater. The earth was hot, and a low, growling sound came all the time from the great pit out of which the smoke issued.

"Oh, mamma, it frightens me," said Mary, in a low voice, after they had contemplated this grand sight in silence for a few minutes. "It seems just

as if the ground under our feet were hollow, and might fall in and swallow us. And the cloud looks all red and yellow inside, just as if there were fire in it."

"And see, my child," said Mrs. Brown, "when the cloud sweeps a little away from the edge, you can see that the crater is lined with sulphur."

"Yes, I do see it, mamma; how yellow it is. Can we not go a little nearer?"

The guide heard Mary ask this question; he hastened to Mrs. Brown and pointed out to her that there was a great crack in the ground near the edge of the crater.

"The earth is all the time cracking off and falling in, and it is not safe to approach very near the crater. You know, my little lady," he continued, turning to Mary, "that the crater is a great pit full of steam and smoke, and melted lava, and if you fell in you would be killed in a moment. I do not wonder that you want to go nearer, for the cloud of smoke is very beautiful, but it is very terrible too."

While they stood looking, the piece of earth that was cracked fell into the crater. Mary started and appeared frightened.

"Let us go away, mamma," she said, "I am afraid of the volcano."

"You need not be alarmed, my dear," said her mother, taking her hand. "While we look at this fearful scene we think of the great power of our Heavenly Father, and yet His power is just as wonderful in the creation of a rose, or a violet, as in the formation of this volcano. We will now leave this spot and turn our faces homeward."

They then walked to that part of the mountain where they had come up. The guide told them that they could not go down over the stones by which they had ascended, but must take an easier path through a line of ashes that reached from the top of the cone to the bottom.

Mary walked down with her mother, instead of being carried in a chair. It had taken them an hour to go up the cone. It did not take them half that time to descend. The ashes were deep, and their feet went far down into them. It was very much like walking down a hill in deep, soft snow. Wherever they put down their feet they slipped, and sometimes Mrs. Brown and Mary slid together quite a distance. Several times Mary fell on her back,

because her feet slid away from under her. At last, slipping, and sliding, and jumping, they came near the foot of the cone, and then they ran the rest of the way.

Mary's shoes were quite full of ashes and little stones, and she was out of breath with running and laughing. After a few moments' rest at the foot of the cone, she was lifted on her horse, and her mother and she, followed by the guide, rode off to the Hermitage, and went past it down the mountain.

At Resina, they took a carriage and drove to Naples, and little Mary was glad to dine and go to bed. That night she dreamed about Vesuvius, and thought she was a butterfly, and rode not only up to the Hermitage, but also up the cone and down into the crater, on the back of a beautiful yellow horse, just the color of sulphur.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MAMMA," said Mary, when her mother awoke the next morning, "I have been looking at the walls of this room ever since I opened my eyes, and do you not see that they are painted to look like the walls of the rooms at Pompeii? They are painted in large panels, and in the middle of each panel is a little picture of a cupid, or a girl dancing, or else carrying fruit. And on the wall opposite the window, there is a picture of a faun kneeling down to feed a goat. Is it not pretty, mamma?"

"It is pretty, Mary," said her mother. "Overhead, too, you see little ropes made of flowers stretched across the ceiling, and in among them are little griffins and strange animals. In the centre of the ceiling you see a boy carrying a great basket of grapes."

"Did the man who owns this house have this

room painted so, just to make it look like the rooms at Pompeii ?" asked Mary.

"No doubt, my dear," replied her mother. "The pictures and decorations of the rooms at Pompeii are very much admired, and a great many rooms in Naples are painted in imitation of them. The mosaic pavements are also often imitated."

"How, mamma ?"

"Tiles, about a foot square, are made to look as if they were made up of a great many little square pieces, and different parts of the pavement are copied on a great many different tiles ; when these tiles are laid together, they look like the beautiful mosaics."

"I should like to see them, mamma," said Mary. "Where are we going to-day ?"

"To-day we will go to the Museum, Mary," answered her mother, "for I want you to see the pictures and mosaics that really came from Pompeii."

"How glad I am, mamma. And what a pleasant visit we are having at Naples. I feel as if I were learning a great deal. Oh, how much I shall have to tell the girls at school when I get home ;" and

Mary flew to dress herself as speedily as possible.

As Mrs. Brown and Mary drove through the streets, on their way to the Museum, the latter said :

"Mamma, the outsides of the houses here are painted pale pink and yellow—those at Pompeii are deep red and yellow, but I do believe these houses are painted in this way to remind people of those ancient houses. I thought the color of the houses very funny, when we first came to Naples, but I got used to it, and should not have thought of it again, had I not seen Pompeii. I wonder how Vesuvius is this morning."

"Vesuvius has not altered much since yesterday morning," said her mother. "I saw it from the window before we came out, and the smoke was rising straight up."

"Did you tear your clothes yesterday, mamma?"

"Not my dress," said Mrs. Brown, "for that you know I fastened up around my waist, but the hem of one of my petticoats was partly torn off, and what was not torn off was full of ashes"

"How could the ashes get into the hem?" asked Mary.

"They are so fine that they sift through the cloth, and get in between the stitches," said her mother.

"I did not examine mine, mamma. You told me to put on clean clothes this morning, and I never looked at the others."

They stopped in front of the Museum, and Mary was delighted to see that it was very large.

"Oh, mamma, there is room here for a great, great many things," she cried.

The hall was very broad, and there were some great statues in bronze and marble in it. At the end of the hall was a wide, handsome staircase, and on each side of the hall there were rooms, in which curiosities were kept. The doors of these rooms were open, but a little iron railing ran across the doorway to keep people from passing in. In this railing there was a gate, and in each room was a man, whose business it was to open the gate and let people in and out.

They went into the first suite of rooms. The walls were covered with the pieces of wall brought

from the cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiæ. They were, for the most part, the pictures which had been in the middle of the panels, and they were now placed in narrow wooden frames.

"Oh," cried Mary, as she glanced about her, "these are the pictures! How old and faded many of them look, and some look quite new. Why, mamma, there is a rooster; is it not natural? And there, beyond, is a picture of a girl dancing, and there is another, and—why, there are ever so many of them; are they not pretty?"

"They are very graceful, my dear," answered Mrs. Brown.

"There is a picture of a town on the edge of a bay. Is it not queer, mamma? It does not look right. It looks like the pictures on our china plates at home. What a queer ship that is on the water!" and Mary ran rapidly from picture to picture, talking all the time of the strange things represented.

Mrs. Brown called her attention to a small painting which she had passed by without noticing. "Look at it attentively," she said, "and tell me what it is."

"Oh, how funny!" cried Mary, laughing; "it is a green bird drawing a little carriage."

"And who drives the carriage?"

"I do believe it is a grasshopper," exclaimed Mary, looking closely at the picture. "Is it not a grasshopper, mamma?"—(*See Plate, page* 40.)

"Yes, my dear."

"It looks just as if it were made to be put in a picture book," said Mary. "If I could draw and paint, I should like to copy that picture to take home with me."

"See that chariot drawn by a griffin, and a butterfly is driver," said Mrs. Brown; "would you not like to copy that too?"

"Oh," cried Mary, delighted with the odd pictures, "I would like to have them all; but if I had to choose among them I should certainly take the bird. But do you see, mamma, those pretty little babies?"

"They are little cupids, my dear," said her mother, "or perhaps they are *wine genii.*"

"What are *wine genii*, mamma?"

"They are little winged boys who are represented as being very fond of grapes and wine. One of

them, you see, has a wine bottle; the other is playing upon a lyre."

"That is a queer wine bottle," said Mary.

"It is an amphora," replied her mother. "You see it is shaped like the wine jugs we saw in the cellar of the villa of Diomedes, at Pompeii. Such jugs were called amphoræ."

"I thought," said Mary, "that such a jug was called an *amphora*, but you say *amphoræ*."

"*Amphoræ* is the plural of *amphora*," said Mrs. Brown. "You see this bottle is sharp at one end."

"Oh, yes, mamma, that is the end that is thrust into the ground to make the jug stand up. I remember all you told me about it the other day."

"Yonder," said Mrs. Brown, "is another cupid."

"Why yes, mamma. He is flying up to a grapevine, and another little cupid below, picks up the grapes he drops, and puts them into a basket. How pretty it is. And there, mamma—do look—is a little fellow with wings going up a ladder to pick grapes, and his little brother holds up his hands to catch them. That is just like pictures in a storybook."

"That long picture, Mary," said her mother, "represents a sacrifice to Ceres, the goddess of the earth. She was supposed to make grain and all the fruits of the earth grow. You see the altar and the priest, and on that little pedestal is a statue of the goddess. The pig, which a man is leading towards the altar, is the victim."

"It takes a great while to understand these pictures," said Mary, "so many of them are about things that I am ignorant of."

"You cannot understand them all, my love," replied her mother, "but you can learn a great deal from them. Yonder is a picture of Venus, floating on a shell in the sea. You know who Venus was, Mary?"

"Venus was the goddess of beauty," answered Mary, promptly; "and she was always made very beautiful in statues and pictures."

"Look at this pretty picture, Mary. A little girl with wings is flying along with a cupid who has a basket of fruit in his hand," said Mrs. Brown. (*See Frontispiece.*)

"How pretty that is," said Mary. "See that little branch she holds. Who is that little girl, mamma?"

"She is called Psyche, my dear. She and Cupid were playmates, and were very fond of each other. You will learn about them when you study more about the ancient Greek and Roman stories."

"There are two green animals that look like dogs," said Mary. "They are standing on their hind legs, and have got a long twig in their fore-paws. They look just as if they were turning a rope for somebody to jump."

"And see, my dear, how yellow the wall is behind them. Just beyond them is a pretty stag, on a green ground."

"See those birds, mamma, walking along to meet each other. There is a mask between them; how pretty they are."

"All these pictures, Mary, were, as I have said, taken from the middle of the panels, or from the borders of the walls. We will go now and see some of the walls themselves, for a great many whole walls have been brought from the buried cities."

Some of the walls were very broad and high, and Mary said that she would like to make a room by putting four of them together.

"That would be like making houses with cards, as I used to do at home," she said, "only it would take a giant to handle these walls. Each of them was the whole side of a room, I think; how very ornamental they are."

"They are indeed," returned her mother. "Look yonder, Mary, and tell me what is represented on that wall opposite us."

"Well, mamma, the wall is dark, and on it is painted a long rod with a knob at each end. The rod is held up by a rope made of flowers that comes from above to each end. The rope hangs down in pretty festoons all along the rod. And two bows are made in the rope where it is tied to the rod, and from the bows two little baskets hang down. Why, how very pretty it is! I think the Pompeians must have known how to make pretty baby-houses."

"You have forgotten to say anything about the man who is dancing on the rod. He holds a long pole in his hand to balance himself, just as rope-dancers do now-a-days. Do you notice what a bright deep red he is painted?"

"Yes, mamma, it is a beautiful color."

"The pictures of Pompeii are noted for their bright colors," said Mrs. Brown. "The people were very fond of seeing rope-dancers perform. Beyond, you see another picture that probably came from the same room, for it, also, has a rod held up by a rope of flowers, while a man dances upon it."

"And little baskets hang down from that, too," said Mary. "How many masks and festoons there are in these pictures, and how many pillars, too."

"Yes, my love, the Pompeians seem to have been very fond of making their rooms look larger by introducing painted columns, and niches, and recesses into the decorations of their walls. Sometimes it seems as if you could look on from room to room, through open doors and arches. There, my child, is a painted niche, and on the wall of the niche is a lion."

"I should be afraid of him if he were alive, he looks so ferocious. And see that long-legged bird, mamma, with a long neck. And beyond is a fountain, with the water dashing up, and behind the fountain is a little fence, which looks just like any cross-barred fence. There is a bird walking on the top of it."

"And see, Mary, what a bright, bright red that is on the next wall. It looks as if it were not yet dry, and against it is painted a pillar with a broad yellow ribbon fluttering about in the air."

"And there, mamma, is a wall which is made to represent the entrance to some great palace. And yonder is a woman selling little Cupids! How cunning, mamma! They look like little birds.

Mary was delighted with these walls, for she felt as if she were again in Pompeii. I know no better way of showing my young readers how they looked than to insert in this book a picture of one.

It is, as you see, divided into panels. Along the bottom are plants and two swans. The middle panel is yellow, and on each side of it is a slender twisted column, with a mask hanging on it. On the top of each column is a basket of flowers. A little cross-barred fence is at the foot of the columns, and looks as if it stood in front of them. In the middle of the yellow panel is the picture of a sea-horse. The panels at the side are red. In the middle of one are two fishes tied together; in the middle of the other are two doves.

I cannot tell you about all the pictures Mary saw

that day. She could hardly remember them separately when she got home. That night she dreamed of flying boys and girls, of swans and doves, and grasshoppers, and of beautiful houses and airy rope-dancers.

The next day, Mrs. Brown and Mary went to the Museum again, and saw some bronze statues which came from the buried cities. There was one small statue of a faun dancing, that came from the House of the Faun at Pompeii.

"Oh, we went into that house," cried Mary; "and a faun is not a kind of deer. It is a wood-god, and it is not spelled f-a-w-n, but f-a-u-n; is it not, mamma?" and Mary laughed, for she remembered the mistake she made at Pompeii.

They saw, too, the statue of the goddess, with a hole between her shoulders for the priest to speak through. Mary's attention was also attracted to a little statue which had a singular mark on its neck.

"It looks as if a piece of cloth had been laid on it when the bronze was soft," said Mary.

"You are not far from the truth," replied Mrs.

Brown. "These statues were buried in the lava and ashes; some of them, as you see, were partly melted by the heat. This little statue was found carefully wrapped up in a piece of cloth; the heat had melted the statue a little, so that the cloth stuck to it. When the cloth was taken off, it left the mark of the threads."

"How strange, mamma; but why was it wrapped up?"

"Probably, in order to carry it away. It was found in a large pot; it is supposed that its owner hoped to transport it in safety, but found that he had not time to do more than save his own life."

They saw, also, a great many fine statues in marble, and spent nearly a whole day among them. Mrs. Brown told her daughter that the first specimens of statuary were found at Herculaneum. She showed her four statues that looked alike, and told her that they were the likenesses of four sisters. She said also that the statues of their father, and mother, and brother were found in the same house with them.

There are, in the great Museum, so many things

from the buried cities, that I am afraid my young readers will be tired of hearing about them. If, however, they are not, I will tell more about them in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

THE great Museum contains not only many rooms filled with pictures and statues, but also several large apartments full of household articles taken from the dwelling-houses in Pompeii. Into these rooms Mrs. Brown and Mary went, on their next visit to the famous Museum.

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, as they entered, "did these things really come from Pompeii and Herculaneum? I should think they were new, or else that I was in somebody's kitchen. See, how many saucepans there are of all sizes, little and big, and they are hung up on the wall, just as they would be in the closet at home. Do tell me, are they all old?"

"Yes, my love. Little by little, they have been dug up out of the ruined cities. Some, as you see, are quite burnt; others look, as you say, almost new."

"But were there so very many found buried?" asked Mary.

"Oh, yes, and no doubt a great many more will be found. You know that only about one fourth of Pompeii has been uncovered."

"What are these pots, and pans, and kettles made of, mamma? They look black, and blue, and green."

"Some of them are of bronze, and others are of copper. Their natural color has been changed by the heat and vapors to which they were exposed."

"What is bronze, mamma? I wanted to ask you when we were looking at the statues."

"Bronze is a mixture of copper and tin. Look at this little cooking-stove, Mary. It was probably intended to stand on a table, and is made in the form of a square castle, with a tower at each corner. These towers and the walls of the castle are hollow, and you can pour water into them by opening the little lids in the top of the towers. The place you see in the middle of the castle, is to hold the coals. On these coals you may cook your meat and vegetables. In the towers and walls you always have hot water."

"How do you get the water out, mamma?"

"On the other side is a stopcock in the wall, through which you can let it out when you want to use it."

"Is this little stove old, mamma?"

"Yes, my love, it came from Herculaneum."

"We have not been to Herculaneum yet," said Mary.

"No, my dear. There is but little to see there, compared with Pompeii, but we shall go there some day, I hope."

"What is this pan with four holes in it?" asked Mary.

"It is a pan to boil eggs in, my love. You put an egg in each hole, and pour water around them. Hold the pan over the fire and they will soon be cooked."

"You could cook eggs in it now, mamma, for it still looks new."

"See this animal, Mary," said Mrs. Brown. "It is a mould for baking cake, and is made of bronze. It represents a hare, as you see by its shape and long ears."

"And there is another like a pig," cried Mary,

"and another like a shell; just such a pan, I do declare, as we bake cake in at home."

"It is exactly such a one, my dear; and see, in this corner are little stamps to cut out cake with. They, too, are like those we use now-a-days."

"There is nothing new under the sun, ma'am," said the guide, who was standing near; "everything in these rooms is just like what we use now in Naples, or else similar. Here are steel-yards,

ma'am. They are like those used in the shops here, only these have the head of a goddess for a weight."

"And there, mamma," cried Mary, "is a cullender with a handle."

"See, my child, what a pretty pitcher," said Mrs. Brown; "they used such pitchers for oil in Pompeii."

"Oh, it is lovely," said Mary; "and there is another pretty pitcher with an angel for a handle; I like that."

"Now I will show you something singular," said Mrs. Brown. "In this glass case are a great many weights to weigh things with. Here is one that

came out of a store where pork was sold. You see it is shaped like a pig."

"Oh, mamma, how funny!"

"And here, my little lady," said the guide, "is one that came from a store where they sold cheese. It is just the shape of a cheese."

"So it is," said Mary, delighted.

"A great many beautiful lamps came from Pompeii," said Mrs. Brown; "they are very different in shape from those which we have. Here is one with a boy holding a swan, on the top of it. Is it not pretty?"

"Oh, mamma, I would like to have that!"

"And that tall stand is called a candelabrum, my dear. It is flat on the top and was used to place a little lamp on. And there you see a candelabrum

in the shape of a tree, with five lamps hanging from it."

"It looks like a hat stand," said Mary.

"When the people of the house went to bed," said the guide, "each one took a lamp off the tree

and brought it back in the morning, and hung it up again."

"What is the tree made of?" asked Mary.

"Of bronze also, my dear," said her mother.

How very many pretty lamps there are here," said the little girl. "There is one with a horse's head for a handle, and see that next one has on it a boy riding on a dolphin. Are they not beautiful?"

"Yes, indeed, my child; and look at this pitcher."

"It is intended for milk, and you see two little goats just in front of the handle. They are put there because in old times goats' milk was principally used in this region."

"Just as it is now in Naples, mamma. I love to

watch the herds of goats going about the streets to be milked at morning and at evening. These little goats ought to have bells on their necks to make them look just like those we see now-a-days in Naples. But what is that deer's head ?"

"It is a cup, Mary."

"But it cannot stand up, and everything that was in it would run out."

"That is just why it is made so, my daughter. It is called a *sacrificial cup*, and from it the priest drank wine during the religious ceremonies. It was against the law for the priest to leave any wine in the cup, and so the cups were made of such a shape that they could not stand except with the mouth downward."

"Here is another pretty pitcher, mamma ; see the two doves on it. That, too, is of bronze, is it not ?"

"Yes, Mary, and it has kept its color well. Some of the things, you see, have become changed in color. They have become green or deep blue, from the effects of heat and water when Pompeii was destroyed, for all that are green and blue came from Pompeii."

"Why, mamma?"

"At Pompeii," replied Mrs. Brown, "you know showers of water fell. These made everything wet before the city was buried, and the heat and the moisture together caused the surface of the bronze to corrode. The iron things that you see here are quite ruined by rust."

"Yes, indeed," said Mary; "you can hardly tell what they were. For instance, that thing, which the guide says was a plane, does not appear like one until you have looked at it a long time."

"Look at these small bronze figures, Mary," said her mother, pointing to some little ones in the shape of men and women.

"They look like little dolls, mamma."

"They are images which the Pompeians kept in their houses to worship. Here is an image of Fortune; in one hand she holds a *cornucopia* or *horn*

of plenty. This cornucopia is full of flowers and fruit, to signify that she brings good things and pours them out for the use of man."

"And what is that she holds in her other hand?" asked Mary.

"It is a rudder," replied her mother. "These little images of gods and goddesses that were kept in the houses and were held in reverence by the ancients, were called *penates*, or household gods."

"Across the room is a great bronze bathing tub, mamma, just the shape of the one we have at home."

They now looked into a case where were some old combs that were found in a lady's dressing case at Pompeii.

"One of these combs would not be of much use now," said Mary, "its teeth are all broken."

"The one next to it is still whole," said her mother, "and looks quite new."

"So it does, mamma; I wonder who used it last. And do look at this thimble. It is just like mine, only larger."

"That long pin you see below, Mary, is of ivory or bone, and was used to hold up the hair. On the top is a little figure of Venus."

"That little figure of the Goddess of Beauty was put there, no doubt, because the lady who wore it was beautiful," said the guide. "It may have been a present from some admirer. Next to it, in a little glass box, is the rouge with which the lady painted her cheeks."

"It is just the color of a rose," said Mary. "Does it not seem strange to see it?"

"It does, indeed," replied her mother, ; "the lady who used it died almost eighteen hundred years ago."

"See that bodkin, mamma. It is of bone, I think. Perhaps the same lady used it. It is just like the one in your work-box, only it is sharp like a needle."

"Here is a mirror, Mary," said Mrs. Brown, pointing to a round plate of dull metal.

"Why, I thought that was a pan," said Mary. "Is it glass?"

"No, my dear. There were no glass mirrors in those days. They were all of metal, as this is."

"Here are ever so many keys, mamma. I wonder what doors they unlocked."

"Many of them were found in the hands of skeletons, my daughter. Here is a curious one.

Its handle is a ring, and it was worn on the finger. No doubt it opened some precious box."

"And there, mamma, is a door-knocker; at least it looks like one. And here, I do believe, are the stocks that were in the barracks at Pompeii; at least they are like the wooden ones there now."

The guide drew out the rod and motioned to Mary to put her feet in between the little pieces of iron. He then shoved back the rod, and she could not move.

"My little lady is held fast," said he, and then he drew out the rod again and released Mary, saying, "In these very stocks, miss, the feet of two skeletons were found fastened."

"There are many more things here from Pompeii than from Herculaneum," said the guide, as they walked slowly through the rooms. "The reason is, that it is far more difficult to dig the things out of the latter city than out of the former. Pom-

peii was buried in a kind of mud made of ashes and water, but Herculaneum was covered by a stream of lava, which became solid stone when it cooled. I will show you a saucepan which is still partly embedded in the lava, and then you will understand me."

He led Mary to a shelf, from which he took down a large saucepan. It seemed very heavy, and he had to take both hands to lift it. When he had set it upon a table, so that Mary could look into it, she saw that it was full of lava, and that some of the lava still clung to the outside.

"The saucepan could not be separated from this stone," said he, tapping the lava with his finger, "without considerable labor. Many of the articles found in Herculaneum were embedded in this way, and the expense of clearing the stone away from them is very great. Herculaneum furnishes more beautiful things than Pompeii, and therefore the government of Naples has sometimes been blamed by visitors for digging more things out of the latter city than out of the former. We keep this saucepan in its original state, to show people the difficulty of excavation in Herculaneum."

The lava in the saucepan was of a light grey color, and Mary laid her hand upon it, and found that it was, indeed, solid stone.

"I only wonder," said she, "that so much has been dug out of Herculaneum, and I am sure we ought to thank the government for taking so much trouble."

"It was very much like digging in a stone quarry to work there," said the guide. "But you have not yet seen all our curiosities," and he led Mary into another room.

Here she saw armor that was found in the buried cities, and little bells that the horses wore on their necks, and also a singular kind of bell which the guide said was carried in the chariots, and was rung to warn people to get out of the way. They saw, also, some playthings which had belonged to children in Pompeii; one of them was a little chariot.

"What is that strange-looking thing?" asked Mary, pointing to something on one of the shelves.

"It is a helmet," answered her mother, "and within it is the skull of one of the sentinels of Pompeii. The skull was found in it, and you know the

skeleton of one of the sentinels was found in his box at one of the gates of the city."

"Oh, those poor sentinels!" cried Mary. "It makes me feel sad whenever I think of them. I cannot help wishing that they had run away."

"They considered it their duty to stay," said Mrs. Brown, "and no doubt they preferred losing their lives, to having their sense of honor doubted.

By this time Mary was tired, and although she was greatly interested in all that she saw, she was glad to say good-bye to the Museum until the next day.

CHAPTER X.

"ONE more day at the Museum, Mary," said Mrs. Brown the next morning, "and we shall be through. Are you tired of seeing the things?"

"No, mamma, while I look at them I keep thinking all the time how they looked when they were in the cities, before the eruption came. How difficult it must have been to get the things out of Herculaneum!"

"The labor of digging there," said her mother, "was so severe that as soon as Pompeii was discovered Herculaneum was abandoned, although the things found in the latter place were the more valuable. There was another reason for abandoning it. Resina and Portici stand right over it, and the houses would fall down if the earth under them were dug out. As the workmen dug, they had to build up pillars and buttresses to support the

houses above, and this took a great deal of time. At Pompeii, you know, there are no buildings above the old city."

"What shall we see to-day at the Museum?" asked Mary, as they drove toward it.

"We shall see the paints that were found in the shop of a painter, and the bread, and flour, and the figs, and nuts that were dug out of the houses."

"Oh, that will be delightful, mamma. I would rather see those than anything else. But is the bread really almost eighteen hundred years old? I suppose if I should try to eat a piece it would break my teeth."

"The olives that were preserved in oil are said to be fit to eat yet," said Mrs. Brown.

"I think I should feel very old if I ate one of them," replied Mary. "But here we are at the Museum, mamma," and she jumped out of the carriage. They went up the broad staircase at the end of the hall, and her mother called her attention to the floor of the room they entered.

"The mosaic under your feet," she said, "is the one that was taken from the House of the Tragic

Poet. You see here the great black dog and the words, '*cave canem.*' Do you remember what 'cave canem' means, Mary?"

"It means 'Beware of the dog;' but I am not afraid of him, although he looks so ferocious, for he is made of little pieces of stone, and he cannot bite."

All around the room were glass cases full of shelves, in which were the things of which Mrs. Brown had told Mary.

"Oh, mamma, what are all these lumps? Some are red and some blue, and such a beautiful blue," cried Mary, as she stood before the first case.

"Those are paints," replied her mother. "There, you see, is yellow, and there, too, is a beautiful delicate pink."

"Yes, mamma, it is like the rouge we saw in the other room."

Each color was laid upon a separate plate or else was left in the little earthen pot in which it had been found. Mary liked to look at the paints because they were so bright.

"Do paints look just so in the shops now-a-days?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear; these are dry lumps. When they are to be used, they are ground up with oil. On the shelf below, you see the great round stone on which they were ground."

"What are these white balls, mamma?"

"They are white lead, and you see a name stamped on them, just as a name is stamped on crackers. That is the name of the man who made them."

"And has it kept all this time?"

"Yes, my dear. The man who made that paint little thought that two thousand years after he was dead people would read his name on these lumps."

"I think that pink is such a pretty color. It is just the color of roses, mamma."

"It is, my child. And the shell that lies beside it has had that pink paint rubbed upon it."

"The Pompeian lady who owned that shell, kept it to rub her rouge on before she painted her cheeks," said the guide.

"Was it found with paint upon it?" asked Mary.

"Yes, miss," answered the guide.

"The rouge is rubbed upon it just as I rub my paints on a plate. I shall think of this whenever I rub them, mamma, and I shall say to myself, 'this is the way the ladies at Pompeii rubbed their rouge on shells before they painted their cheeks.' But what are those white lumps all twisted up?"

"They are clothes, Mary. They were probably wet when the eruption came. They look as if they had just been squeezed to get the water out, before they were hung up to dry, when the showers of ashes and stones came and covered them up. Next to them, on another plate, are colored clothes."

"Why, mamma, I can see the threads; but what makes them so black?"

"They are burnt, Mary. In that dish you see pieces of rope. They, also, are perfectly black, and yet you can plainly see what they are. On the next shelf is a straw mat."

"That is all black and burnt too," said Mary. "Almost all the things are black. At first I cannot tell what they are, but after a while they begin to look like something."

"You can tell what these long pieces are, I think."

"They look like sticks of wood, mamma."

"They *are* sticks of wood. To be sure they look like charcoal, but charcoal is only burnt wood, you know."

"Here is something that looks like a ball of silk," said Mary. "I can see the separate threads as they run around; they are wound on a little piece of stone."

"It *is* a ball of silk, my daughter," replied Mrs. Brown, "and was found in the shop of a sewing-woman. Under it, in the same cup, are some little pieces of cloth."

"I see something now, mamma, that looks like a loaf of cake, and there is a name on it."

"That loaf of cake has the baker's name on it, Mary."

"Why, mamma, we could put it on our table, and people would only think the crust was burnt. I suppose the baker put his name on the cake because he was proud of it."

"No doubt; and it looks as if it had been a very good one," said Mrs. Brown.

"Perhaps it was made for a party, mamma, and the invitations were all sent out. We cannot tell what it was made for?"

"Only that it was made to be eaten, Mary."

"And after all nobody ate it, mamma. I wonder how much it cost. I see some money there in that little cup. There is a little piece of burnt paper under it."

"That 'burnt paper,' as you call it, is the purse the money was found in. Next to it is a net, probably a fishing net. It is black, like most of the other things. They have put a piece of white paper under part of it, to show the mesh more plainly."

"It is black because it is burnt, is it not?"

"Yes, Mary. On the next plate you see black masses of twine, or coarse thread. It is such thread as they made the nets of, and there are the netting-needles."

"They are just like cousin Elizabeth's, only larger. It seems to me they had things just like ours in those old times. What is that white stone upon that plate?"

"It is—what do you think?"

"Perhaps it is soap, mamma."

"No, Mary; it is flour, all hardened in a mass."

"Well, I am astonished. There is another white lump, is that flour too?"

"No, that is wax. The ancients used to cover tablets, or flat pieces of ivory, or metal, with wax, and when the wax had become hard, they scratched upon it with a sharp pen. This was one of their ways of writing. This pen was made of metal, and was called a *stylus*. They also wrote on papyrus, with ink and a pen made of a reed."

"What is papyrus, mamma?"

"Papyrus is the inner bark of a tree that grows in Egypt."

"We saw yesterday the inkstands that were taken from the buried cities, mamma, and they look just like the round wooden ones we use at school."

"You know," said Mrs. Brown, "that a library of papyrus was found at Herculaneum. We will go and see it after we have looked at the things in this room. Here are the olives that were preserved in oil," and she pointed to a glass bottle, in which lay the little black fruit.

My young readers must bear in mind that almost all the fruits, and nuts, and seeds, etc., brought from the cities, are so much injured by the heat to which they were exposed during the burial of the

cities, that they have lost their color and become black, just as cloth and nuts and cake become black by burning. Notwithstanding this, it is not difficult to tell what the things are, and Mary was delighted when she cast her eyes upon some figs.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, "are not those figs just as natural as if they had never been buried. I've got a fig in my pocket; I will put it beside them and see if they do not look just like it."

Mary took a fig from her pocket and put it against the glass which was between her and the Pompeian figs. "They are just alike, except in color," she said. "When I look at them, I almost forget that they are old. And these nuts, are they not Madeira nuts, mamma?"

"They are what we call Madeira nuts in America," replied Mrs. Brown; "in Europe they are called walnuts."

"Our walnut is very different," said Mary.

"Yes, my child," replied her mother, "but in Europe there are no black walnut nor hickory trees. Some people, you know, call the hickory nut a walnut."

"What are those little stones?" asked Mary,

pointing to some little irregularly shaped pieces that lay on one of the shelves.

"I do not know, my dear; I will ask the guide," said her mother.

"Those, madam," said the guide, "are little bones that were used to play the game called jackstones, for at Pompeii the boys and men, and even the ladies, played the game. Perhaps the young lady remembers a picture in one of the rooms down stairs, which represents some ladies playing jackstones."

In one of the cases Mary saw some hen's eggs.

"Why, mamma," she cried, "I do declare there are some eggs; one, two, three, four, five. They look just as if they were in a nest. They are not a bit black. Indeed, they are just like any eggs. There are five whole ones and some broken shells."

"Up in that glass pot is some bird seed," said the guide, "so they probably kept pet birds in Pompeii."

"I hope they flew away when the city was buried," said Mary.

"And here, miss, are beans such as they feed

horses with in Naples. That is barley, and this is wheat," and he pointed to different dishes full of blackened grain.

"What are those great shells?" asked Mary. "They are like some we have at home on the sitting-room mantel-piece."

"They were found in the shops, and were used to ornament them," said the guide.

"And here, Mary, is a piece of sponge," said Mrs. Brown, pointing to a lump that looked like any sponge, only darker.

"Well, mother," said Mary, "there is almost everything here that we have now-a-days."

They next looked at some bracelets, which were found on the skeletons, and in the houses of Pompeii. Many of them were serpents of gold, and, when they were worn, were wound two or three times around the arm, above the elbow. Some of them were worn upon the ankle. There were also a great many beautiful gold rings, and many of these, too, were in the form of serpents. There were handsome ear-rings, and necklaces, and chains; and Mary looked with great interest at one chain which was found on the neck of Diomedes, who, my readers will remem-

ber, was trying to escape through the gate of his garden when he was buried by the ashes.

Mary lingered long among these tasteful ornaments of the wealthy Pompeians. She admired their shape, and the rich yellow color of the gold, and she was sorry to leave the room, although her mother said they would go and see the papyrus from Herculaneum.

"When the library at Herculaneum was discovered," said Mrs. Brown, "nobody knew what it was. It was evidently a public building, for there were busts and statues in a long saloon, and it had not the appearance of a private house. Some black lumps were found arranged in rows, but no one dreamed that they were scrolls, until a man chanced to espy some little lines on one, which he thought looked somewhat like letters. It was soon found that these scrolls fell in pieces when any one tried to unroll them. At last a gentleman in Naples discovered a way of unrolling them, and since that time a great many have been opened and read."

"And what were they, mamma?"

"They were works in Greek that had not been

known before. Some of them have been published."

Mary and her mother now entered several rooms in which the blackened scrolls were kept. They were framed and had glass over them, and were hung up all around the rooms, like pictures. They looked just like long narrow pieces of burnt paper.

"They are a great deal smaller than I thought they were," said Mary.

"They are not quite a foot wide," replied Mrs. Brown, "but some of them are very long. Here is the longest one. I should judge that it is nearly twenty feet long. There are forty columns of writing on it."

"How black it is, mamma. I do not see how people can read it at all. The letters look as if they were cut into it. I am sure I should never learn to read, if I had to read such letters as these."

At some desks in the rooms sat men, engraving copies of the scrolls. One man was copying a piece about twice as large as a page of this book, and Mary ventured to ask him how long it would take him to do it.

"One month, signorina," he replied. "It is very slow work."

"And do you read the words on the black scrolls yourself?" she asked.

"No, signorina. I copy from this paper, on which some learned man has copied with a pen the letters and words that are on the papyrus. After I have finished my engraving, it is published. A good many of these engravings make a book such as you see on yonder table."

Mary went to the table, and the guide opened the books, and showed her on one page an exact copy of a part of the scroll, and on the opposite page a translation of it.

They saw, in a great glass case, like a bookcase, some scrolls that had not yet been unrolled. They looked like short, thick sticks of charcoal, and were quite as hard. Mary wondered that any of them had ever been opened and read.

They left the rooms where the papyrus scrolls were kept, and went into those which contain the earthen dishes taken from Pompeii. They were very much like those we use now-a-days, and Mary

pointed out to her mother some dishes with covers full of holes, to put flower stems through.

"I do not see that these are any different from the ones we have at home, mamma," she said; "I feel as if I were in a shop, and I cannot believe that these things are two thousand years old."

When she went back to the hotel, she took a little book and wrote down the names of many of the things she had seen, for she was afraid she should forget some of them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE next day Mary and her mother went to Herculaneum, but as its ruins resemble those of Pompeii, I shall not trouble my readers with a long description of them.

The only part open to daylight is about as large as a block of buildings in New York. The rest is underground, and it is necessary to have torches in order to see it. To go through it, is like wandering in a great dark cellar, and as the town of Resina is above it, it is full of pillars to hold up the foundations of the houses.

In the part that is open to daylight, there are some houses painted in bright colors, like those at Pompeii, and in the peristyle or inner court of one of them, there is a garden of flowers just where the old garden used to be eighteen hundred years ago.

An old man picked from this garden a fragrant nosegay of pink roses and rosemary, and said, smilingly, as he handed them to Mary :

"These are ancient flowers, my little miss. They grew in old Herculaneum."

When Mary reached home she put them carefully away, to look at when she went back to New York.

"Everything in Herculaneum was not so pleasant as flower gardens are," said the guide, "for here, miss, is the ruin of a prison. In the dungeon into which we look down, some skeletons of prisoners were discovered, and you can still see the iron gratings that covered the windows."

"How dreadful it must have been," said Mary, "to lie in a prison and feel the ground shake under you when the earthquakes came."

"It is not unlikely," added Mrs. Brown, "that the poor prisoners did not know what killed them; but they must have known by the cries of the people outside of their place of confinement, that some unusual excitement was prevailing. It is doubtful whether the jailer went to tell them what had occurred."

"If he had been a very good man he would have gone to release them, mamma, I think."

"Perhaps he had no opportunity to do so, Mary; he may have been killed before he had time to go to them."

Mrs. Brown and Mary soon left Herculaneum, and took the railroad to Castel-a-mare. The road lies along the Bay, and the prospect from it is beautiful.

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, "I do not know where to look; everything is so novel and charming. Off there in the distance stands the fairy-land, that people call Capri, and between us and it how many different colors the water has. Do look!"

"I see," replied Mrs. Brown. "It is a beautiful view. The water is a pale, bluish white near the coast, and beyond there is a strip of apple-green, and beyond that a strip of purple, and then apple-green again, and then more purple."

"Yes, mamma, and then, beyond the purple, there is a great patch of sunlight, and it is just at the foot of Capri. How queer it is that the sun shines there when it does not here."

"There is a great mass of clouds between us and

the sun, but the bright sunlight still falls in streaks on the water in the distance."

"And, mamma, the clouds are white and lavender color. All along the horizon there are no clouds, and the sky is a pale salmon color. Oh, mamma, what lovely skies we see here at Naples!"

"And look at the beach along which we are riding. It looks as if it were made of ashes from Vesuvius. See the sudden projections and little promontories formed by streams of lava stopped in mid-course by cooling."

"The side toward the water looks just like the flat perpendicular surfaces, that we said looked like stone walls up on Vesuvius," said Mary. "How dark the rocks are, almost black. The waves dash up against them as if they did not like them. Perhaps the waves wish the lava had stayed up in Vesuvius."

"What a beautiful scene we are looking at, Mary; I hope you will always remember it. The sky, the Bay, the boats with their lateen sails, the hills, the islands, Vesuvius itself, the trees, the shores, the people, remind us of beautiful pictures. See those men pulling the boats to the shore. Their

trowsers are tucked up high on the thigh, and they wade deep in the water; others are carrying burdens to the boats that are waiting to be laden. Everything here looks like a picture."

"But, mamma, I should be afraid to live here, for though everything is so beautiful, there stands grim old Vesuvius, looking down on all the little towns, and at all the coast, and at the people who are at work, or enjoying themselves, and he says to himself, 'If I only chose, how quickly I could run over everything and kill everybody.'"

"You speak of him as if he had all the power in his own hands. It is true that he sits like a king on his throne, with a circlet of clouds for a crown, and it is really a golden crown set with rubies and amethysts at sunset; and it is true that the grasp of his fiery hand would destroy man and his fields, and his home, but Vesuvius is only a servant of God, and can only do His bidding."

"Oh, I know that, mamma. But would you like to live in one of the little towns at the foot of the volcano? I should not."

"Neither should I, my child. Nor would I like to live in Switzerland, where the terrible land-

slides take place, and yet people become accustomed to living in these dangerous places. But see the little stream we are crossing. It is the Sarno. Where do you think it comes from ?"

"Oh, I do not know, mamma. It looks like a canal, it is so narrow, and the sides are so straight. What a full little river it is."

"It flows through Pompeii, Mary. Perhaps you remember a cistern in the temple of Isis. This stream fills that cistern."

An hour's ride in the rail car brought Mrs. Brown and her daughter to Castel-a-mare, and when they alighted from the cars they were surrounded by hordes of men and boys, who offered to carry their satchels and bundles, to furnish them with a carriage to take them to a hotel or to convey them to Sorrento, or, in short, to do anything they desired. Donkeys, wearing saddles covered with pink calico, stood along the road, and their keepers asked Mrs. Brown and Mary whether they would take a ride among the hills. Mary looked up the steep ascent and thought how much she should like to accept their invitation, but it was the middle of the afternoon, and her mother said

they must hasten on to reach Sorrento before night.

They soon engaged a coachman to take them to Sorrento, and drove through the little town of Castel-a-mare at a brisk rate. The driver cracked his whip, and seemed in good spirits at having obtained employment, but his companions, who had not been so fortunate, ran after him, and tried to beat his horse. In the doorways of the houses stood women and girls, spinning with the old fashioned distaff, holding it aloft in one hand while they twirled the spindle with the other. Signs, hung out along the street, advertised mineral baths, or told that donkeys could be hired for a ride among the mountains. Up behind the road, rose the hills, and villas nestled in among them, commanding a fine view of the beautiful blue Bay. Hither foreigners come to pass the summer months.

They drove at a rapid pace out of Castel-a-mare, and along the shore, the road winding around the rocks, and looking down upon the steep banks that descended to the water. The slanting rays of the declining sun brightened the cliffs above and the banks below. The eye knew not where to rest, but roved from mossy bank to tree, from tree to

sky, to wave, to isle, and to the amber West. Every spot was full of beauty. Upon the wide, still Bay, where the sunlight fell broadly, one great cloud threw a violet colored shadow, which looked strange in the midst of such a sea of light. The promontories that jutted out into the Bay were covered with fresh green grass. Below them, the blue waters crept to the coast and dashed themselves into snowy foam.

"Oh, mamma," cried Mary, "do look at everything! See how green the moss is; look at those trailing vines, and those creeping plants, and see what a deep brown the earth is where it shows through. How smooth the stones are, and how they are all overgrown with vegetation. See that pine tree with ivy running up its trunk, and the trees that are bare of leaves look beautiful, too, for the sunlight makes one side of them so yellow."

"Yes, replied Mrs. Brown," the trunks and branches, and twigs of the leafless trees look as if inlaid on one side with gold. But look up, Mary, see that rope!"

"From the cliffs above them a rope was stretched to the cliff on the top of which their road lay, and down this rope sped a basket, laden with hay. On

the cliff stood a group of peasants who had been mowing on the high meadows, and they sent their load of hay down the rope to a group of fellow-laborers, waiting beside the road to receive it. In a moment another load went down.

"How pretty," said Mrs. Brown, "the green basket-load looks against the blue sky and brown cliffs."

Many carriages dashed by them or followed in their rear, for this beautiful road from Castel-a-mare to Sorrento is a favorite drive. They passed through several little towns, and finally approached Sorrento. The town is a collection of white houses, sprinkled over a plain.

Seated at the window of their hotel, Mary looked across the Bay over at Vesuvius, but the day had been a fatiguing one, and her eyes soon drooped. She gladly followed her mother's advice, and went to bed, where she dreamed of the afternoon's drive, the nosegay from the old town of Herculaneum and the Blue Grotto of Capri.

In the morning, Mrs. Brown and Mary took a sail-boat to go to Capri, for they wished to see the Blue Grotto, so famous for its beautiful color, about

which Mrs. Brown told Mary in the first chapter of this book.

The sea tossed a good deal, and threw up white caps, but the wind was favorable, and in a little more than an hour they landed at Capri.

As I said, the sea was rough, and it rolled up in great waves along the shore of the island. When the boat approached the land, the boatmen took down the sail and rowed gently with their oars. They were trying to get on the top of a wave, so that when it rolled upon the shore, it might carry the boat up with it, and land it on the sand. At last they succeeded, and rode swiftly along upon the surf.

A number of men and women and children gathered on the beach to see them land. Before Mary knew what he was going to do, a man plunged from the shore into the water and picked her out of the boat. Another one followed him, and took her mother in his arms, and they found themselves, at last, standing safe and sound on a dry part of the beach. The boat, too, was high up on the shore, for several men had caught a rope, which the boatmen threw from it, and had drawn it up out of the water.

The women brought papers full of shells and little bits of coral, which they had picked up on the beach, and offered them to Mrs. Brown for sale, while the children gathered about Mary and her mother, and looked at them, crying out, "forestieri! forestieri!" which means "strangers! strangers!"

As they walked up to the hotel, which is on a cliff just above the beach, four women followed them, leading two little donkeys with saddles upon them.

"Perhaps," said one of the women to Mrs. Brown, "perhaps when the ladies have rested they would like to take a ride up on the hills, for to-day the sea is too rough for them to go to the Grotto."

"Oh," said Mary in a whisper to her mother, "how pleasant that would be!"

"The hill is very steep, my dear, and it would doubtless tire us very much to walk," said Mrs. Brown. Then, turning to the woman she added, "we will hire the donkeys, and go when we have rested about an hour."

"We shall be ready at any moment," they replied; and Mary and her mother entered the hotel.

The women dropped the bridles of the donkeys, and seated themselves on a stone in front of the house, while the animals ate the scanty herbage which grew along the roadside.

A great wood fire was burning in the broad chimney of the dining-room of the hotel, and Mary and her mother stood before it and dried their dresses, which were quite damp with spray. They then lay down and slept for an hour, and after they had dined went to the door to see if the donkeys had come. They were surprised to see the women and the animals just where they had left them.

"How long have you been waiting?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, signora, we have been here all the time; we have not been away since you entered the hotel," answered one of the women. "Is my little lady ready?" she added.

Mary and Mrs. Brown put on their bonnets, and one of the women, whose name was Giuseppina, lifted Mary up on the back of one of the donkeys. "Do not be afraid, signorina," she said, "the donkey is very gentle, and I shall lead him by the bridle."

"I do not think I shall be afraid," said Mary,

but she cast a laughing glance towards her mother, for she remembered how frightened she was when the saddle turned on her way up Vesuvius.

Giuseppina seized the donkey's bridle, and another woman named Annina went behind him with a stick. Instead of beating the donkey, she poked him with the end of the stick when she wanted him to hasten his pace. Mrs. Brown went in front of Mary, and there were also two women with her donkey.

Capri is a very singular island. It is made up of a number of hills, and there is not a level spot to be found on the whole eastern end of it. There is no use for carriages on the island, for there are no broad roads. Only little narrow paths for the donkeys are made on the steep hillsides. These paths are very stony, and Mary thought that riding here was very much like riding up stairs.

"But it is not so steep as the cone at Vesuvius," she added; "and I am sure I would rather go up on the donkey's back than tire myself out by going on my feet."

"Do you see those ruins on the top of the hill we are going up?" asked her mother.

"Oh, yes, mamma; what are they?"

"They are the ruins of a castle that belonged to Tiberius, my child. The Emperor Tiberius is said to have built twelve castles on this island; and there are ruins of two more of them on the two hills yonder."

"I cannot imagine what he wanted so many castles for," said Mary.

"He was a very cruel man," said Mrs. Brown, "and there is a precipice here, overhanging the sea, from which, it is said, he threw those persons he did not like."

"Did it kill them, mamma?"

"Oh yes, my child. The precipice is very lofty."

"What a wicked man!"

"Can you tell me when he lived, Mary?"

"Let me see; Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula—he was the successor of Augustus, mamma, and it was during his reign that Christ was crucified."

"I am glad to see that you have so good a memory, my daughter."

Just then they came to a very steep ascent, and

Mary's donkey stopped. Giuseppina pulled hard at the bridle, and Annina poked him with her stick. They both shouted to him at the top of their voices to go on, but all in vain. He would not move. The women who were with Mrs. Brown left her, and ran back to give assistance. They doubled up their fists, and running at the patient animal, dealt him blows in the ribs. They pulled his ears, but he still stood firm, bracing himself against all their efforts to drag him forward. Mrs. Brown stopped her donkey and sat looking back to watch the singular scene. Mary was so much amused by the exertions of the women, and the obstinacy of the donkey, that she almost fell off her seat with laughter.

"They do not seem to hurt him at all, mamma," she said, as soon as she could speak. "If they did hurt him, I am sure he would go on, and besides, if they hurt him I should feel very sorry for him, instead of laughing as I do."

"He seems to have made up his mind not to move," said her mother; but just at that moment his obstinacy gave way, and he started on.

"I thought when we left the hotel," said Mary,

"that there was no use in having two women to take care of each donkey, but I begin to think they understand their own business better than I."

Gradually ascending, they came to a little stone hut, where the women lifted Mary from her donkey, and said that the animals would rest while the ladies walked up to the summit of the hill.

"Up there, signorina," said Giuseppina, pointing upwards, "you will see the ruins of one of the palaces of the great Emperor Tiberius, and, still farther up, there lives an old hermit, who is very fond of visitors."

"Oh, mother," cried Mary, "can we go and see the hermit? How strange it will seem to see one. I have read about them in my books, but I never thought I should see one."

Giuseppina and Annina accompanied Mrs. Brown and Mary up to the ruins. They could trace where the different rooms of the palace had been, and Mary picked up some little pieces of marble that had formed part of the mosaic pavement. She put them into her pocket and said, laughingly, "I shall have a little museum when I get home, mamma."

After leaving the ruins, they climbed higher up the hill and came into a pretty little garden where there were many flowers in blossom. Mary asked whose flowers they were.

"They belong to the good hermit," replied Giuseppina, and looked up to a rock which overhung the garden. Mary followed the direction of her eyes and saw, standing on the rock, an old man, dressed in a long black gown. He had a staff in his hand, and sandals on his feet. A long white beard fell down over his breast, and reached almost to his waist. On his head he wore a small black skull-cap, and only a few grey hairs were visible about his temples. He smiled kindly at Mary as she looked up, and she made a courtesy to him and said, "*Buon giorno.*"

He came down from the rock and gathered some flowers out of his garden, and gave them to Mary.

"Will you and your mother, my daughter, come up and look at the old hermit's home?" he asked; "I live in a small house, it is true, but I love to see strangers who have come from foreign lands. What is your native land, my child?"

"We come from America, sir," said Mary.

"From America!" he repeated, in surprise. "You have made a long journey for so young a lady. Do you like Italy?"

"Very much indeed," replied Mary, with brightening eyes.

They soon reached the hermit's hut. It was of stone; he led them into it, and showed them the little kitchen where he cooked his food, and the little bedroom where he slept.

"Do you never get lonely?" Mary ventured to ask.

"Not in pleasant weather, my daughter," he replied, "for then I can sit out of doors and look down on the Bay and enjoy myself. But when it is stormy, it is cold up on this high hill, and I am obliged to keep within doors."

"And how do you occupy yourself?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"Oh," he answered, smiling, "I say my prayers and read some holy books, and then I have a little box of paints, and I paint flies, and flowers, and children. I will show you some of them;" and he took them into his bedroom, and asked them to sit down on the bed, for there were no chairs in the

room. He then took a small portfolio from a box, and showed them a great many pictures. They were not well painted, but they had served to amuse the hermit in his lonely hours. Some of them were pictures of little girls and boys, holding roses in their hands. Others represented butterflies and bees, hovering over flowers. There were also drawings of flies and worms. The hermit gave Mary a little picture of a girl reading a book. He took them out to the rock in front of his house, and showed them what a beautiful view he had of Vesuvius and all the shore of the Bay of Naples.

Mary and her mother were delighted with the blue waters and the distant shores. When they left the hermit, Mrs. Brown slipped some coins into his hand, and thanked him for his hospitality. He brought out a large book and a pen, and asked them to write their names in it, for, he said, he kept the names of all the people who visited him.

Mary and her mother went down the hill to the place where they had left their donkeys. They saw the terrible precipice from which Tiberius threw those who had offended him.

"Oh, mamma," said Mary, as she looked from its

top, "do let me take hold of your hand, for it makes me dizzy to look so far down. Those who were thrown from here must have fallen on the rocks that stick up out of the water and have been dashed to pieces. And then, I suppose, the waters swept their bodies away and drowned them."

"It is terrible to think of it, my dear," said Mrs. Brown. "Tiberius was a heathen, and had no fear of offending God by his cruelties. He knew nothing about the Christian law which teaches us to love one another."

"See, mamma, what pretty blue flowers there are growing on the edge of the precipice. There is something pretty about it, after all."

Giuseppina saw Mary look at the flowers, and she went carefully to the edge, and, stooping, picked some for her. They were intensely blue. Mary put them into the little book she carried in her pocket.

"I wonder, mamma, whether the 'Blue Grotto' is as blue as these flowers," she said.

"I hope we shall see to-morrow," replied her mother, and they went back to the hotel.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning the sky was overcast.

"No Blue Grotto to-day, I fear," said Mary; "and, oh," she added, looking out of the window, "the sea is quite rough. What shall we do?"

"We will wait till the weather becomes pleasant enough for us to see the grotto," replied Mrs. Brown. "We should not like to leave Capri without seeing it. It is now only six o'clock. You can run down to the beach, and gather shells till breakfast time, and after breakfast, perhaps, the sea will become smooth, and the sun will shine."

On the beach Mary met several little children, who were busy gathering very small, transparent fishes, which the waves cast up on the sand.

"Do you eat them?" she asked.

"No, signorina," they replied, laughing; "we

gather them for the men to use as bait. They catch big fishes with them."

"What pretty little things they are," said Mary; "I can almost see through them."

She could not talk much with the children, because she did not speak Italian very well, and they did not pronounce in the way she was accustomed to hear. They did not speak pure Italian, but a kind of *dialect*, or incorrect form of the language.

She found some very pretty little shells, but all the larger ones were broken by being ground up with the pebbles on the beach. She looked at the broken shells with a great deal of interest, for she could see by them how shells were made in the inside, and she had always wanted to know. She put a great many into her pocket to carry home to New York, for she meant to make a little museum of the things she gathered in Europe for her schoolmates to look at. She found also some pieces of the bone of cuttle-fish, such as we give to canary birds to sharpen their bills on. Now and then she discovered a very small bit of red coral lying among the pebbles. It surprised her to find a

fragment of white or colored marble here and there, but on showing them to the children she learned that they came from the ruins along the shore, and had been washed about in the water, and ground up with the pebbles and shells until they had become round and smooth.

At breakfast she gave her mother an animated account of her ramble, and showed her the shells and stones she had gathered. Before they left the table the keeper of the hotel came into the room, and said that the wind had gone down, and that the sun was beginning to shine.

"And," he added, "I have ordered the boatmen to be ready in an hour to take you to the Grotto."

When Mary and her mother were seated in the boat, Mary asked why they had not taken a large boat like that in which they came from Sorrento.

"You know, my dear," replied her mother, "that the entrance to the Grotto is very low and narrow. The water dashes up into it all the time. There is not room for a large boat to enter."

"I do not see," said Mary, "how the Grotto was ever found, if the entrance is so small. I should not suppose any one would have thought of going in."

"There is a tradition that a German artist, in the beginning of this century, while swimming, entered the Grotto by accident, and being charmed by its beauty, reported it to others. But it is probable that it was known to the inhabitants of the island long before. It is possible that its existence may have been forgotten for a time. There are some traces of its having been used for a bath in ancient times."

Mary was delighted with the motion of the boat as it rose and fell on the unquiet sea. They passed between little rocks—which she said would make pretty islands for dolls to live on—and, keeping close to the shore, made their way along the northern side of Capri. Precipitous rocky heights rose on their left, and Mary said that the rock looked as if it had been lava, and had cooled.

"But are we not near the Grotto?" she asked. "See that hole close to the water's edge; is not that its entrance?"

"Oh, no, signorina," said one of the boatmen, who saw her point to the hole; "there are a great many such holes as that along this shore, but the Grotta Azzurra is some distance from us yet."

"Why, mamma!" called out Mary, suddenly, "do look at the foot of these precipices. All along where the water washes their base, there is something so beautifully red. I do believe it is coral. Does coral grow all along on the rocks under the water?"

Mrs. Brown looked where Mary pointed, and saw just under the water's edge a line of red, much the color of coral, only more brilliant. In contrast with the deep blue waves and the brown rocks, it looked beautiful indeed.

"What is that?" asked Mrs. Brown of the boatmen.

"It is a weed that clings to the rocks, signora. It looks like coral, but it falls to pieces in your hand if you gather it. Moreover, it is not easy to detach it from the rocks, and our boat could not approach near enough to them to get any without danger of being dashed against them."

Mary was sorry that she could not get some of the beautiful weed. "If I cannot carry any of it home with me," she said, "I can at least remember about it. It is easy to recollect that it was the color of red coral, only a good deal more brilliant."

Mary sat gazing at the lofty rocks and the blue sky above, and the coral-like weed and the dashing waves below. Suddenly, one of the boatmen turned to her, and said :

"Yonder is the opening to the Grotto, signorina. You must crouch down in the boat, and you, signora," he added, addressing Mrs. Brown, "will please lie quite down on the floor."

Mary and her mother did as they were directed, but they kept their eyes open and looked up to see how they passed into the Grotto. A few strokes of the oars brought the boat to the entrance ; then the men threw the oars down and, stooping low, in order that their heads might not strike against the stony doorway, seized on the rocks with their hands, and so guided the boat under the low opening. The waves that dashed up through the entrance, bore the boat gently in.

Mary felt a thrill of terror when she saw how narrow and low the rocky doorway was ; but in a moment she forgot her fears and sat erect, breathless with astonishment. They had glided into a vast chamber, whose floor was of calm, blue, transparent water, and whose arching roof was upheld

by natural columns of stone. Below them, the water was a light, bright blue; above them, the ceiling was tinged with the same beautiful color. Around the base of the chamber, where the water met the walls, there was a line of deep, bright red sea-weed. No sound disturbed the stillness of the place, save the murmur of the waves that dashed from without against the narrow entrance.

For a time no one spoke. At last Mary said in a whisper: "Is it not beautiful, mamma?"

"Beautiful indeed," replied her mother. "Is it not like fairy-land, Mary?"

"That is just what I was thinking, mamma. What does make it so blue?"

"It is probable that the deep blue of the water outside of the Grotto is reflected in here through the little doorway, just as a buttercup, held under your chin, will make your chin look yellow."

"Who built the columns that reach up to the roof, mamma?"

"They are natural formations of the rock, Mary. No human hand built them. God made them when He made this Grotto. Though it looks so much like a work of man, it was entirely built by God."

"No wonder it is so beautiful then," said Mary, in a low voice.

The rowers now took their oars and rowed the boat around the walls of the chamber and into the distant parts of the cave. There one could discern columns and arches which opened the way into rooms beyond, and Mary said she would like to explore them.

"That we cannot do," said her mother. "There are several apartments adjoining the large room we are in. It is supposed that this beautiful Grotto was used for a bath in ancient days, and it is surmised that there was once a passage from it up through the earth to the upper part of the island."

The boatmen motioned to Mary to put her hand into the water. She did so, and it became a beautiful light blue. She was surprised and delighted, and she bared her arm and thrust it in up to the elbow.

"Oh, what a lovely color," she cried. "This is a fairy place indeed."

She dipped her handkerchief into the water, and that, too, grew blue, and Mary said as she drew

it out, that she wished it would keep its color till she got back to New York.

"The water does not really dye it, you know, my dear," said her mother; "it only looks so while it is in the water."

"I know it, mamma. And do look there! There goes a fish, and he is as blue as my arm was. I wonder if he knows how pretty he looks. What a pretty place this must have been to bathe in, though I think I should have been afraid that I should some day really turn blue and stay so. Does not the ceiling look as if it had been painted?"

"It does, my dear; but you see its hue varies a little when the waves dash up and fill the opening. You can see, if you watch, that the rocks are really brown, though most of the time they look blue."

"I am almost afraid that we cannot get out again," said Mary. "Just see how the spray breaks into the doorway."

Already the boatmen gave them notice that it was time to leave, for they feared the sea might rise and detain them.

"This is a beautiful place, signorina," they said

to Mary, "but we do not want to stay here all night."

The boat shot out of the Grotto in the same way that it had entered, and in a moment Mrs. Brown and Mary found themselves in the open air, with the blue vault of the sky above their heads, instead of the blue, rocky roof of the cave. As they rowed homeward, Mary kept her eyes fixed on the precipices that rose from the water's edge, and on the brilliant red moss which grew along their base. She said not a word until they were half way back to their hotel. Then, turning to her mother, she exclaimed:

"It does not seem as if we had ever been in the Grotto. I begin to think it was all a beautiful dream. I wish I could always dream as beautiful dreams as the Grotta Azzurra."

The boatmen sang cheerily as they plied their oars, and Mary and her mother listened in silence to the pleasant strain. As they neared the beach, they saw several fishing boats, and Mary said:

"I do not see how people can enjoy killing innocent fishes."

"My dear child," replied her mother, "these people do not fish for amusement, I think, but because they want something to eat."

"In that case I can forgive them," said Mary, laughing; "but I would rather go hungry one day than catch fishes myself."

An early dinner was ready for them when they returned from the Grotto. During the meal, Mary talked a great deal about the wonderful place they had seen.

"I like Capri altogether," she said at last. "I shall really be sorry to go away. I wish we could stay another day. But since we must go to-morrow, I want to go out this afternoon and take a walk."

"There is a wonderful walk you can take, Mary, if you are fond of going up stairs," said Mrs. Brown.

"Why, what do you mean, mamma?" asked Mary, opening her eyes very wide. "I do not understand you."

"Well, my daughter, there is a part of this island where you have not yet been. It is a very lofty plain, and can only be reached by a long flight of

stairs. These stairs are so steep that even donkeys cannot go up them, so all the burdens are carried up and down on the heads of men and women."

"Why do they want to carry burdens up there, mamma?"

"Because there is a town up there, my child."

"How funny, to put a town up on such a high place. What is it called?"

"It is the town of Ana-Capri."

"Who made the steps up to it?"

"It is not known who made them. They were made long, long ago. They are, for the most part, cut out of the solid rock, and there are five hundred and thirty steps."

"I do not think I could go up so many, mamma, if there is nothing to see at the top."

"Let us go and look at them, Mary, and see how we would like to be poor people and have to carry burdens up and down them."

They put on their bonnets, and after walking a few minutes reached the foot of the steps. These steps led up the side of a very steep mountain; all the way there were men, and women, and children going up and down, carrying great baskets of

clothes and other articles upon their heads. They held themselves very erect, and went slowly up the steep stairs. Mary and her mother began to ascend quite rapidly, but before long they felt tired, and slackened their pace.

Mary felt sorry for the women, but she felt still more sorry for the little boys and girls, whose limbs trembled under the heavy loads they bore on their heads. She saw before her one little girl, who carried a basket full of different things, among which was a sword. Mary overtook her and said:

"Let me carry that sword for you, my little girl," and she took it carefully out of the basket and put it across her own shoulder. Her mother smiled encouragingly at her, for she liked to see her daughter do little acts of kindness. Oh, how tired Mary was when she reached the top! The little girl thanked her for carrying the sword. She then asked them if they were going to Ana-Capri. "I will show you the way," she said.

She led them on through narrow roads, walled in on either side by stone fences, and before long they came to the little town. The church was closed, for which Mary was sorry, for she would

have liked to see how the inside looked. The streets were many of them steep and narrow.

"It is only a little town, mamma," she said, "we should call it a village at home. Let us take this little street and see where it leads to. I wish we could find a fountain, I am so thirsty."

The little Italian girl, having deposited her burden at a house, led the way for them. "This road leads only into the fields," she said, "there is noing to see." Still Mary wanted to go on; but after roaming about in the fields awhile, she was glad enough to turn back toward the town.

Mrs. Brown asked the little Italian whether they could procure anything to eat, for the exercise of climbing up the stairs had given them an appetite. The little girl took them to her mother's house, who set on the table, figs, bowls of milk, and a kind of grey bread.

"If the signora would like oranges," she said, "there are some in the garden and I will run and pick them."

Mrs. Brown said they would like some; and the woman took a basket and went out. In a few

minutes, she returned with a number of large oranges, hanging on stems and shaded by large green leaves.

"It seems a shame to eat them," said Mary. "How I wish we could carry them home."

Still Mary was not long in taking the beautiful leaves from an orange, and in a minute more she was enjoying the ripe sweet juice. "Oh, mamma, oranges are *so* good right from the tree," she said.

The woman soon brought in several sticks of dried figs. The figs had been split and stuck upon a long stick. She offered them to Mrs. Brown to take away with her.

"If you will carry two sticks, Mary, I will buy four," said Mrs. Brown. "You know that as soon as we return to Naples, we must pack up our trunk and start for Venice. We shall go by carriage as far as Ancona, and as that will probably take us a week, we shall be glad to have some figs with us. When we lunch on them they will remind us of Capri."

Mrs. Brown and her daughter took their leave of

the woman, each carrying away two sticks of figs. Mary bade the little girl good-bye, and slipped into her hand a little piece of money to remember her by.

"She will remember her without any money," said the Italian woman. "We poor people remember those who are kind to us. She told me how you carried the sword for her."

The little Italian girl smiled and asked Mary what her name was. When she heard it, she repeated it, but instead of calling it "Mary," she called it "Maria," for that is the Italian of "Mary."

Mrs. Brown and her daughter walked slowly back to the steps and went down. People were still clambering up them with heavy burdens, or returning down them without any loads. Sunset was flushing the sky, and Mary was not sorry that the hours of rest were approaching.

When they arrived at their hotel, she was glad to take her supper and go to bed. Her limbs ached after her unusual exertion. The next morning they went in a row-boat back to Sorrento.

From Sorrento Mrs. Brown and Mary took a carriage to Castel-a-mare, and thence returned by cars

to Naples. That afternoon they packed their trunk, and the next morning started for Venice. As they drove out of Naples, Mary exclaimed :

"After all, mamma, I never saw the king, and I thought the day that we went past his palace, when we first came to Naples—the day, you remember, when we first saw the beautiful Bay—that I would rather see the king than anything else."

"And what do you think now, my love?" asked her mother.

"Oh, mamma, I would rather have seen the great Museum, and Pompeii, and Vesuvius, and Capri, and the Grotto Azzurra, than King Ferdinand II. of Naples."

THE END.

PS
1659
F42
M3
1857

TX
720